VOGUE

DEC. $1

Special Issue

Once-a-Year Gala for the Christmas Eye



the world is yours ... including the pale coats they love beside the river Seine, new Paris turn-on for glamour in any latitude, north, south, east, west ... translated by LILLI ANN with characteristic couture handling of luxurious new touch-me "Alpine" woven in Paris of finest mohair and wool only for LILLI ANN, for these great Paris coat looks en route to '67: "elle" in bride's pink, the float in turquoise, baby coat in white ... about *550 francs (110 dollars) ... sizes also for the sophisticated tall.

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



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OR EMPRESS CHINCHILLA 1966?**

Against a foil of white and silver,
a total encirclement, a total lining in
the precious fur for a precious few.
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(with the plus of a brightener)
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Palest flesh colored chiffon (clouds of it)
draped by our own Halston into the most
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Coiffures by Hugh Harrison of Coiffures America.

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Spilling from one perfect flower,
droplet after droplet after droplet
of diamonds and 18 kt. gold.
The flower itself, detachable for day.
To order in the Van Cleef & Arpels
Paris Jewel Boutique.





IS IT VANITY FAIR 1932 OR THE DELMAN SALON 1966?

A pump's worth of satin,
bowed wide, heeled low,
that can shuffle off to Buffalo
with the best of them.
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IS IT VANITY FAIR 1924 OR THE PLAZA COLLECTIONS 1966?

Over white lace of polyester and cotton, navy and white paillettes. Around a descending hem, ostrich feathers by the fluttering yardful. By Chester Weinberg in sizes 6 and on. $895. On Floor Four. All through Bergdorf's you'll find more of this delicious fashion nostalgia. As for Vanity Fair itself, this you'll find in The Boutique on the Second Floor—all 23 years, 282 editions, 32,000 pages of it—quite the most extraordinary gift we've seen in all our 65 Christmases. Complete 32 volume set, handsomely bound in purple and silver, $1000.

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET





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The B. H. Wragge coupling in silk linen slashed with print, 120. at Bonwit Teller, all stores.

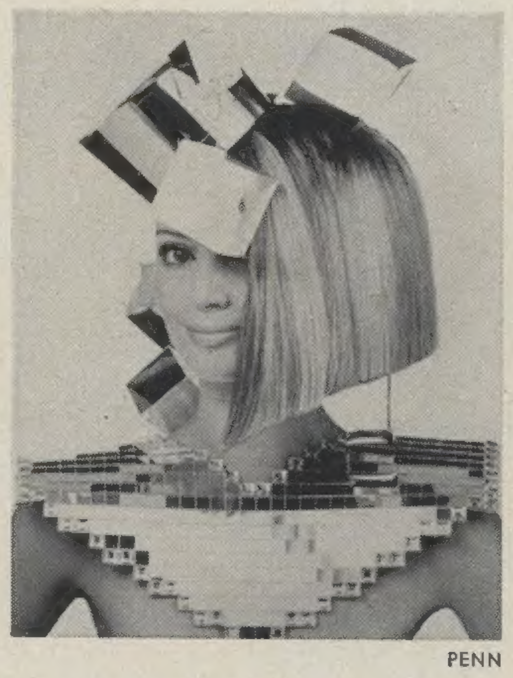
DECEMBER, 1966

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: Gleam in the Christmas eye—a tumble of doll-size silvery boxes, twinkling front and back from a little bellboy cap. All of a new translucent silver foil and reflecting here, along with the glow of the season, a V-shaped bib of mirror squares, and the newest kind of face—with the cleanest, clearest mirror-polish. Hat by Halston, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Bib necklace by Maison de Fou, made to order at Henri Bendel; Joseph Magnin. Coiffure by Ara Gallant; Dynel hairpiece by Tovar-Tresses.

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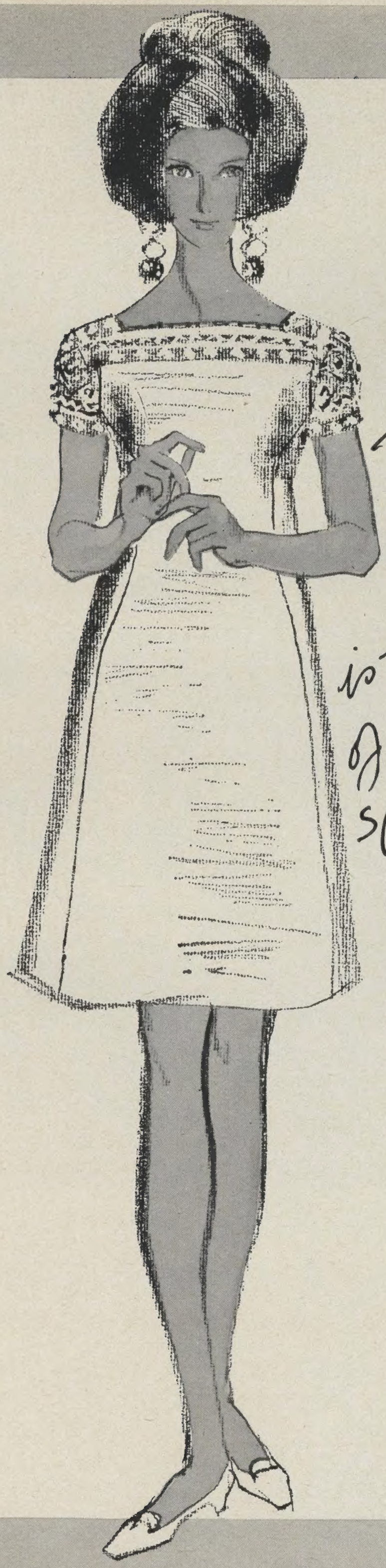
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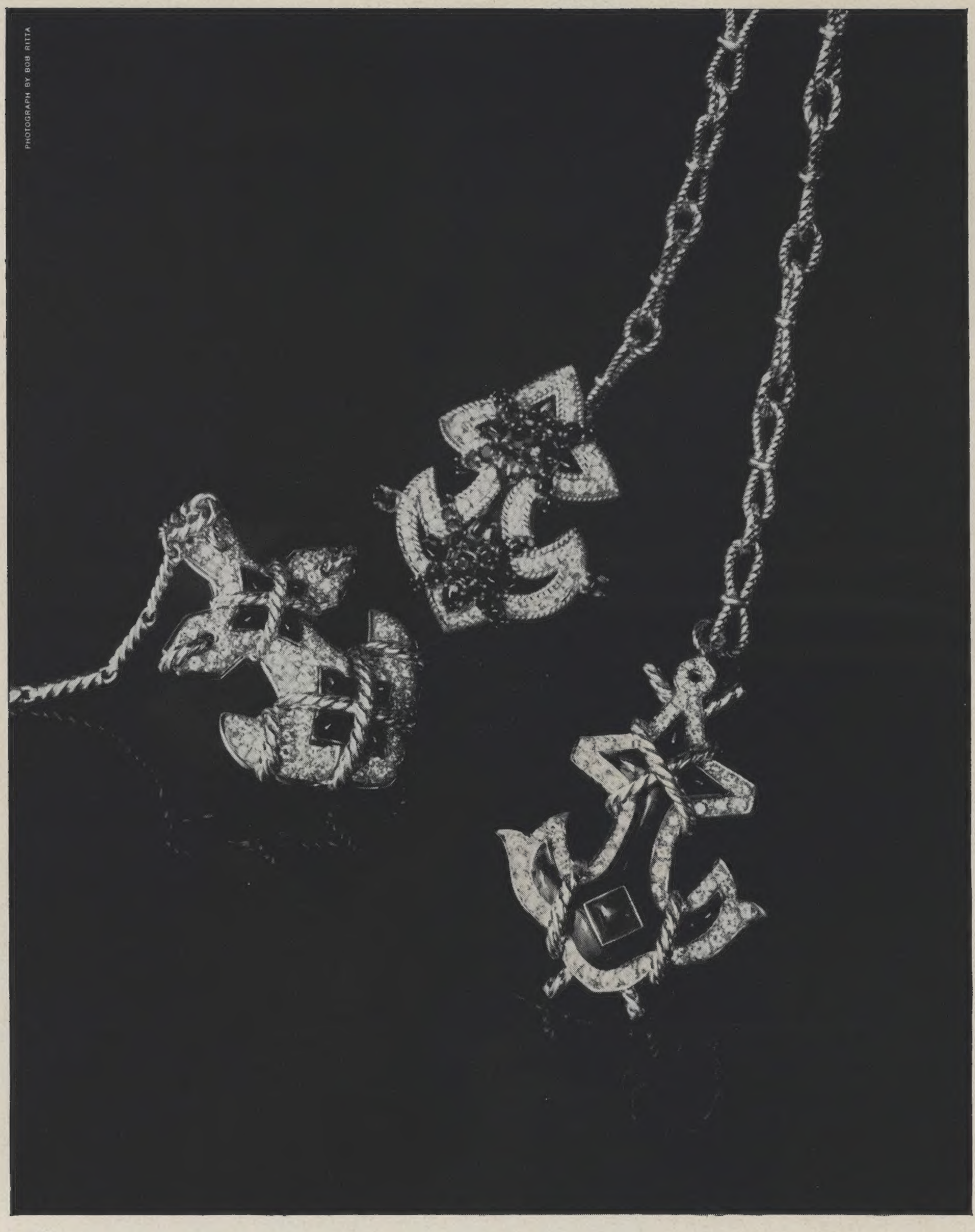
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LESLIE JUNIORS

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Leslie Pomer

Three-piece costume, welt seamed jacket and overblouse in basketweave rayon; navy or taupe with oyster overblouse; 12½ to 22½, about $40.



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letter to a real woman:

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Carlye

Side-wrapped shift of Moygashel linen, appliqued and embroidered with a multicolor butterfly; oyster, azalea pink or south sea blue, 6 to 16, about $60.



NORMAY

Smocked yoke paisley print in 100% Arnel® triacetate; aqua, pink or gray, 10 to 18, about $18.

Andrea gayle

Tricolor contrast in double knit "Point de Roma" wool; paprika/apricot/pale peach, off white/skipper/lime rickey or lime rickey/spring maize/off white; 6 to 16, about $35.

Personal sportswear

Field flowers bloom on blazer jacket, about $18, low-belted skirt, about $10, hat, about $5; cotton rib knit sweater, about $6. Natural with poppy, 5 to 15, and 6 to 18.

Write to Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, New York 10018 for name of store near you selling the label you prefer.

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Champagne . . .

By George Bradshaw

Champagne, the dictionary says, is "loosely, any effervescent wine." Come, Mr. Webster, you haven't lived.

Champagne, for your information, is a drink extracted from grapes grown in a few square miles around the city of Reims. It is made by men who coddle it, who pamper it as they do not coddle or pamper their children. (You can smack a child, and probably do him good, but don't try that on a bottle of champagne.) Oh, there is nothing loose about it.

⚜

The pertinent thing to say about champagne is: "Open a bottle." For, as Elmer Rice once wrote, "You can have too much champagne to drink, but you can never have enough."

⚜

I had my first glass on the old "Paris" of the French Line. I was fourteen years old, and Irene Bordoni gave it to me. The memory is vivid, and coupled with it is another: that Miss Bordoni possessed a solid-gold toothpick, a thing I had never even supposed existed before.

She must have given me more than one glass, for the next morning I had my first and worst hangover. I thought I was going to die. A deck steward took pity on me. He moistened a lump of sugar, wrapped it in cayenne pepper, then dropped it into a glass of champagne. Each bubble as it rose carried a grain of cayenne. "Drink it," he said. Anyway I lived.

⚜

For myself I like to drink champagne straight, and not mess it up with stout or gin or orange juice or such. I allow only one exception: If you can find a coupe glass, peel a ripe peach and press it into the bulb, sprinkle with brandy and then flood with champagne. That's a proper dish. Of course it is more difficult to find a perfect peach than a perfect bottle of wine.

⚜

Nor do I hold with the idea that champagne can be drunk any time, anywhere, upon any occasion. It is not right, for instance, when you're shaving. Shaving calls for a good stiff cold Martini. And funerals. They demand, do they not, a slug of bourbon? But I must grant there aren't many other exceptions. . . .

⚜

In 1949, in Hollywood, I was introduced to a woman we will call Nora, though that was not her name. She had been a great movie star thirty years before. Not a great actress, I gather, but a great star. Now she had, as the subtitles used to say, come upon evil times. Almost no one, in or out of the industry, remembered her. Sometimes she was able to get work as an extra.

She had one outstanding possession left from the old days —a full-length ermine coat. Everything else had gone, but the old coat she kept—a kind of security blanket. I enjoyed Nora. She was a gay and bawdy woman, and the stories she had to tell of the silent days were fascinating. There was nothing sad about Nora. She lived on the certainty that the right part would come along and she would be up there again, making five thousand dollars a week.

One night after a dinner we all went back to her place and sat on the huge velvet furniture left over from a happier day and had a drink. At one point someone needed ice and I said I would get it.

I found the kitchen, I found the icebox, I opened it. Nora was not domestic. There was no food in it. But there was, folded into a bundle, the ermine coat.

There also were two bottles of champagne: Mumm, and 1929—the greatest, most famous year. It didn't matter that the wine was already twenty years old, and the coat even older. Both were in good condition.

They made quite a handsome display.



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For fine stores and details see page 279

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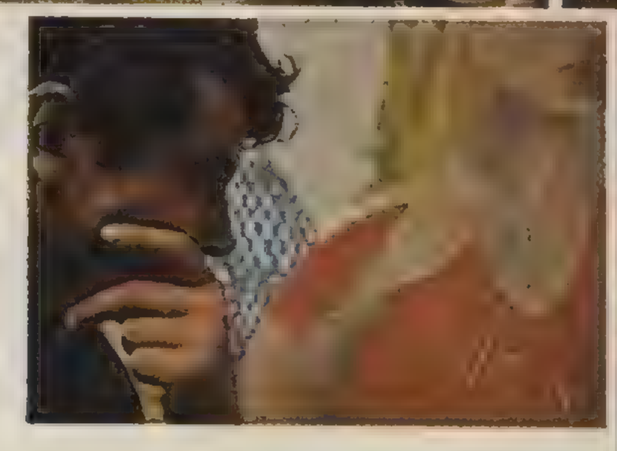
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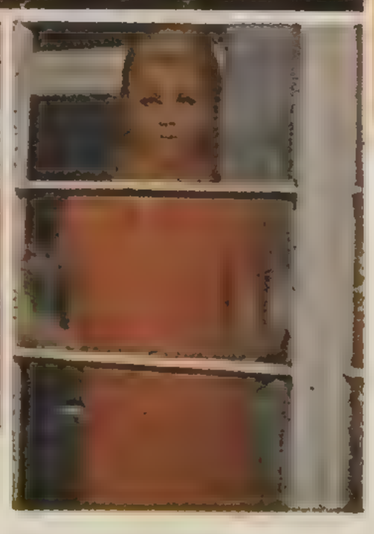
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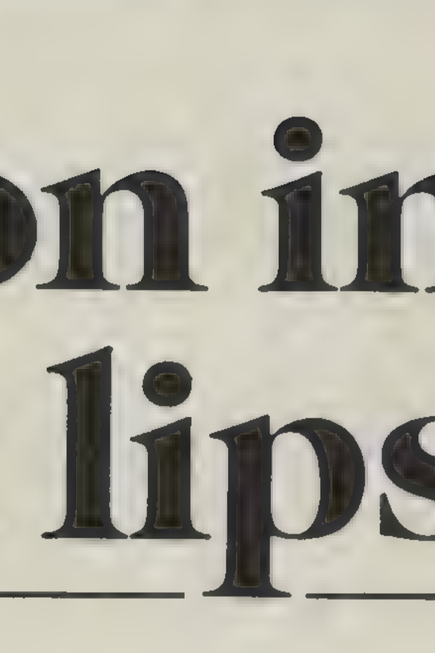


Revlon invents wet lipstick

We've got it made. A moist, whipped-creamy lipstick that does all the things a good little lipstick should. Like giving your lips that gleamy 'just licked' look without the 'gooky' *feel* you hate. It's not runny. Or smeary. Or thick. The colors are positively brilliant. And they *stay that way* on your mouth, without dulling or darkening as the day goes on. What else does this do-gooder do? *It makes dry lips a thing of the past.*

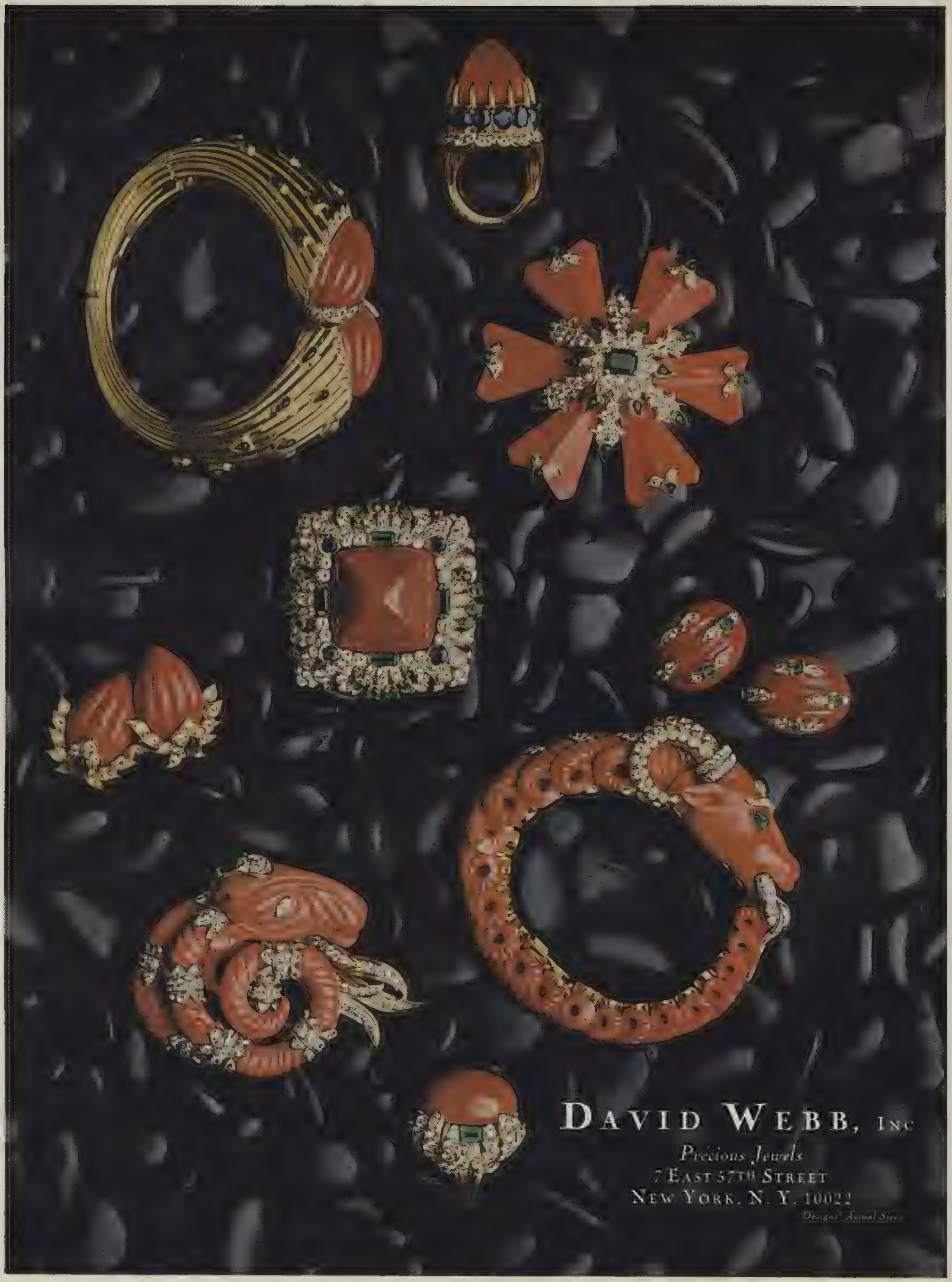
Honestly! The more you wear it, the softer your lips will feel. (If you bathed them in 'Moon Drops' *moisture* balm, they'd hardly be happier!) This is the lipstick not even Revlon could bring off till now.

Don't ask us how. Our lips are sealed.



'Moon Drops' lipstick **invented by Revlon**




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Designs Actual Size

There is only one Joy...



... the costliest perfume in the world.



This shirt for women in beige cotton lace with a nylon marquisette backing. Sizes 8 to 16. $25. Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

The run-of-the-mill shirt is headed for oblivion.

We couldn't be happier about it. Because those shirts with their namby-pamby patterns and synthetic practicality are not our idea of what a shirt ought to be. They're ordinary.

You've accepted it because up until now it was the only thing you could get. It didn't matter where you looked or when you looked, you couldn't find anything else. There was nothing in sight to make you look like you—a living, breathing woman.

So we decided to do something about it; namely, ostracize that ordinary "Lady" shirt and instead tailor a shirt for women.

It's actually a shirt. Not a blouse that's been tampered with. It's a shirt done up in true shirt fashion. With long sleeves. A clearly defined collar. A back pleat. A locker loop.



And so, farewell.

And best of all, a body that hasn't been darted in below the bust, to the side of the bust, or anywhere else for that matter. It's shaped the way a true shirt form ought to be.

If you've been looking all over for a shirt that's anything but run-of-the-mill, you belong with us.

Gant for women.

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Chantilly from the House of Houbigant. Perfume imported from France, 1 oz. at $22.50 and:



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Chantilly
in this
innocent pink spray

to shake
your world.

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Sumptuous

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enormously flattering—
like a second silky skin.
Typically Schiaparelli—
fashioned in satiny supple
black-dyed broadtail
lamb from South West
Africa—finished with
a luxurious, deep flare
of black-dyed mink.



John Wanamaker
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Parfum Extraordinaire...
by Fabergé
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sealed in France.
Tigress, uninhibited
jungle bouquet—
superb with furs.
P.S. in her pocket...
Fabergés *new* Perfume
Whistle-that-works—
a golden-capped crystal
dram-full of her favorite
Fabergé fragrance.



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Even experienced Cadillac owners—long the most loyal and enthusiastic motorists on the American highway—will be surprised and delighted with all that Cadillac offers them for 1967. For here is a true masterpiece . . . in its new forward-sweeping beauty . . . in its rich selection of softly cushioned interiors . . . and in its many convenience and safety features, such as a new General Motors-developed energy absorbing steering column . . . new padded steering wheel . . . as well as new, more generous interior padding. And they are just as enthusiastic about Cadillac's wonderful new performance . . . with the smoother response of its engine . . . with the unhesitating flow of its Turbo Hydra-Matic drive . . . with the ease of its variable ratio power steering. Visit your authorized dealer soon. You, too, will be surprised by the many excitingly new pleasures that await you behind the wheel of the 1967 Standard of the World.

Cadillac Motor Car Division

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Surprisingly New *Superbly Cadillac*



Finally!

Fool-the-eye lashes that <u>don't</u> look phony, <u>don't</u> cost a fortune–and <u>anyone</u> can put them on without batting an eye!

Let's face it–for sheer glamor, nothing beats an extra helping of lashes. But if you've balked at the bother or shied away from the showiness, we can't blame you. Till now! <u>Everything's</u> changed since Revlon invented a truly <u>mistake-proof</u> kind called 'PRIVATE EYELASHES'. They look for all the world like the costly 'salon kind'–at a slice of the salon price! So simple to put on, you'll become an instant pro, even if you're all thumbs. No fuss or feathering. No trimming. Ridiculously easy to apply! And they look so natural, they pass any eye-detector test. Our special adhesive keeps them in place till you <u>remember</u> to take them off (they feel so real, you forget they're there!) So go ahead–make those thrilling, killing eyes! ('PRIVATE EYELASHES' come complete with glue and how-to, in a handy little case. In 3 super-natural shades: Soft Brown, True Brown, Soft Black.)



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Perfect Finish gives you precisely this—in the subtlest way imaginable.
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Ban-Lon clothes are growing flowers here, and just plain Growing: For good reasons. Nothing's more alive than Ban-Lon color. Now whole Ban-Lon jersey wardrobes can ease around the world in half the suitcase-space it takes to truck conventional clothes. Then, Ken Scott's in the Ban-Lon act. Magic flowers up his sleeve. Reason enough to get in the act yourself.

Ken Scott grows a Ban-Lon® garden



Flowers on stems, *opposite, far left*, a slip of a dress with little straps, big bloom—Ban-Lon colors speaking out. Ken Scott calls this one Gagliarda. About $90.

Flowers on flowers, *opposite, near left*, practically an explosion of petals on a dress-shape that hardly makes a ripple on the figure. Floriani: About $115.

The purples loosed, *above at right*, the flower-power in this case comes in high on the throat to light the face softly. This is Amalfi. About $100.

A flower float, *below right*, the only thing that stops it floating away is a bow. Name is Camelia. About $115. Ban-Lon clothes, both pages, Lord & Taylor, Rich's, Carson Pirie Scott, I. Magnin. Garden Spot in the pictures: Villa Cicogna-Mozzoni.

Ken Scott architects Ban-Lon® prints



Ken Scott builds the clothes here on a background of Ban-Lon blocks—tiny ones, just chips of color; abstract paving with a kind of infinity clause in the line. Everything's nylon jersey; the color's pure heaven besides.

Fragments of color, *this page*, for a Ken Scott kimono with a whoosh of sleeve. Called Milano, Japonica might have been more hands-across-the-sea, it's an international coup; about $115.

Non-prosaic mosaic, *right*, for pajamas you never saw before either: Ken Scott light-as-air winged pajamas, the top flying high. Ravena is about $180. Ban-Lon clothes, shown on both pages, at Lord & Taylor, Rich's, Carson Pirie Scott, I. Magnin.



It's a dress. It's an experience. It's a happening! High-spirited red and white in the trimmest little two-piece. Bubbling with buttons, swathed with a scarf. Jacques Tiffeau, of Tiffeau & Busch Ltd., made it happen with Dan River Sunweave®.

Dress by Jacques Tiffeau about $160.00. Available at Bergdorf Goodman, New York/Filene's, Boston/Godchaux's, New Orleans.

Dan River

Jacques Tiffeau whips up excitement with Dan River windowpane checks



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The famous skin cream that has brought dramatic, visible results to women's skins in 6 out of every 10 cases tested.

When a woman's good looks reach the precarious stage, can any other face cream possibly do what Revlon Eterna '27' could do? We honestly think not.

There is no other cream even remotely like it. It stands apart from all others. Its formula is unique. Its remarkable basic ingredient (it is not a hormone!) is patented for use by Revlon and only Revlon.

How soon can you hope to see a real change in your skin? Not overnight, of course. Eterna '27', tests reveal, begins to show effects in two to three weeks of faithful daily use.

And within 40 days, it could bring dramatic, visible results to your skin. As it did to women's skins in 6 out of every 10 cases tested!

Important: There are Eterna '27' preparations now for every step of skin care. A remarkable new series called Penetreatments. The complete Eterna '27' cycle includes: Eterna '27' Cleansing Formula, Moisturizing Formula, Skin Toning Formula—all designed to coordinate brilliantly with famous Eterna '27' Cream.

Because the vital ingredient in Eterna '27' Skin Cream works to its fullest capacity in the cream itself, it



is deliberately not duplicated in the corollary preparations. Used together with Eterna '27' Cream, Penetreatments could have an effect so startling, so total, your beauty life might be changed forever.

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To speak, correctly

By Wilson Follett

EDITOR'S NOTE: College professors, politicians, writers have gradually been developing a curiously inaccurate vocabulary with some pretensions. When almost any expert on television, for instance, is answering questions, he says with a straight face, "I would say," and then says it. Wrong.

Recently there appeared a new book called *Modern American Usage,* written by Wilson Follett who died in 1963. That book, edited and completed by Jacques Barzun in collaboration with Carlos Baker, Frederick W. Dupee, Dudley Fitts, James D. Hart, Phyllis McGinley, and Lionel Trilling, was published by Hill and Wang.

It is a fascinating guide on usage, purism, and pedantry, all lightly, correctly, and amusingly written. If followed, the guide will turn its readers into editors, correcting authors, panelists, and, especially, harassed politicians. Here are some excerpts.

AMBIANCE. What is *ambiance?* To Webster's New International Dictionary it is a French word chiefly useful in English for a specialized meaning in the criticism of painting. Elsewhere it is affectation: *Luscious fabrics emphasized the ambiance of luxury and warmth that ran all through the collection.* The received English word for a surrounding medium, an atmosphere, or a fluid is *ambient* (an adjective here used absolutely as a noun). But an atmosphere can hardly run through anything or be emphasized. A pretentious word has been used to mean nothing more than *general effect, impression,* or *suggestion.* (Note the recently imported, still more fashionable, and equally affected *ambiente,* borrowed from Italian.)

AMPLIFY. We amplify—that is, enlarge on—a subject under discussion; but do we amplify *on* it? The breach of idiom is the same as that in *expound on. Amplify* is wrong in *sought to amplify yesterday on that part of the X.-Y. television debate dealing with the issue.* The debate is finished and not to be amplified. What the speaker is presumably doing is amplifying his own views of the issue. What he is doing to the debate is to *supplement* it.

INDICATE. This verb has become as tiresome a word-of-all-work in print as *O.K.* has become in conversation. *Indicate* is doubly damned by the frequency of its occurrence and by the number of more expressive words that it displaces. No verb except the simpler auxiliaries (*have, be, will,* et cetera) could stand the overuse of *indicate.* In a metropolitan newspaper of forty-four pages, the chances are good that *indicate* occurs in it forty-four times. In those few uses where it means *evince, betray,* or *signify* and is followed by a noun object, there is nothing wrong with it. Trembling indicates fear, smoke indicates fire, a blush indicates embarrassment. *Trend Toward Regularly Organized Units Indicated as Randall's Island Fête Ends* does no violence to *indicate.* The trouble begins when *indicate,* leading into a *that* clause, is substituted for any one of the many words of saying, for every mode of conveying facts or thoughts from one mind to another. An acting assistant attorney general *indicates* that the antitrust division plans no action in a given case. . . . And so on. Once in a while this colorless and noncommittal word is used expressly (and effectively) to avoid attributing a firm statement to someone who has spoken with reticence or caution. But for the most part *indicate* is a makeshift for the words that writers are too hurried or unenterprising to summon: *hint, suggest, intimate, insinuate, imply, disclose, reveal;* or *convey, announce, affirm, assert, specify, stipulate, insist, protest, proclaim;* or *propose, advocate, recommend, urge;* or *note, point out, show,*

(Continued on page 84)

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(a lot of it if she's daring!)



Emotion...the new perfume born in France...translated in America into Spray Mist, Eau de Parfum and everything for her bath 3.00 to 17.50

EMOTION® by Helena Rubinstein

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the romance of fragrances sealed in
22 carat gold-encrusted crowns,
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contains all the essential toiletries for the modern man.
A gentleman's Cologne and After Shaving Emollient,
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THE VILLAGER® collector does not try on identities, like hats, to match the different worlds around her. She remains herself. Her mind is as firmly her own as her way of dressing. In Barbados, Manhattan, or Stowe, she presents the same aura of intelligent living . . . smooth, unhurried, personal, and calm. On these pages, THE VILLAGER describes her individual and various life.







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Opposite page

Flowered shirt in Fortrel polyester & cotton, $7. Hip-slung slacks of shetland wool, $20.

Glen plaid wool jumper, $26. Turtle-neck nylon pullover, $8.
Hip-swinging skirt in checked wool hopsacking, $15. Wool poorboy tunic, $12.

Doubleknit wool underwear dress, pin-striped, $35.

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Striped wool hopsacking skimmer, $35.

This page

Wool plaid pants suit, $45.
Belted coat in checked wool, $55.

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The Harlow Suit in DUPONT NYLON. In silver only. Sizes 8 to 16, about $30. Rose Marie Reid, 1407 Broadway, New York. A Division of Jonathan Logan.

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Even the next morning a little Taji still lingers



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Taji is a hauntingly beautiful new fragrance in a totally new perfume form. All pure perfume oil, instead of the traditional blend of oil and volatile alcohol, a few drops of Taji touched to your skin will last throughout the day or night. Why, the Taji you wear when you go out in the evening will even still linger a little by morning. Taji in Perfume Oil 7.50, also in a Spray for bath and shower and a Soap.

TAJI

AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS





To speak, correctly

(Continued from page 58)

signify, profess, particularize, report; or *admit, concede, grant, confess, testify;* or *state, declare, remark, say.* Writers and speakers addicted to *indicated* should remind themselves that its root is *index,* a pointer.

One specialized use of *indicate,* adapted from the standard medical vocabulary, has become a piece of parlor slang. In a given patient's condition, such-and-such a treatment is *indicated*—i.e., rendered logical or necessary, prescribed by the circumstances; in the opposite circumstances it is *contra-indicated.* Whence such remarks as *A good stiff drink is indicated,* or *A few well-chosen words of protest are indicated,* or the sports broadcaster's *Someone to pinch-hit for the pitcher is indicated.* This usage resembles the tiresome slang remark *what the doctor ordered* (for any expedient that seems appropriate), or its analogue *You're the doctor,* which means *I defer to your judgment* or *It shall be as you say* or *Far be it from me to argue the point,* or, more simply and universally, *O.K.*

IN TERMS OF. The rage for expressing everything *in terms of* something else is a disease traceable to college-catalogue English. From 1900 on a college course was hardly respectable if it did not offer to present literature in terms of its social effects, an author in terms of his influence on the development of this or that form, history in terms of underlying economic forces, geography in terms of transportation and commerce, and so on. It was not long before academic writers found themselves unable to finish a paragraph without using *in terms of.* The phrase was a ready substitute for the common prepositions *at, in, for, by,* and the rest, and it also supplied a loose coupling for ideas whose exact connection had not been thought out by the author.

The professorate undoubtedly had borrowed the phrase from the sciences. In formulas and equations you do express one thing in terms of another—distance as a function of rate and time, earnings as a product of volume and price, et cetera. But in an equation the terms are named and numbered; they are the components of the problem—physically, visibly there. As the phrase is used in general discourse no one is thinking of converting anything into anything else. The phrase is invoked to lend an air of intellectual strictness to statements that are in fact the opposite. *The on-again-off-again rhythm of the Eisenhower Administration's interest in missile development is here recounted in terms of the man who put up perhaps the hardest fight at the top civilian level for a consistent research and development program.* This sentence does not mean that anything is recounted in the language of the man referred to, or even in the patterns of his thought; it means simply that his experience is used as a narrative thread or an illustration. The sense would be served by *recounted as the story of the man who* or something of the sort....

PERSONAL. The loss of the sense of individuality, which is said to be the curse of modern man, has endowed with magic the words *personal* and *personalized. Personal* is now attached to many words that need no such qualifier and that make of *personal* a mockery. Thus, commenting on the resignation of a close associate, a President tells the press: *I am fond of him as a person.* Aside from making one wonder to whom *person* refers, the declaration raises a puzzle as to the nature of fondness. Authors receive requests for their *personal autograph.* The bereaved are told *I'd like to offer you my personal sympathy,* or *Her death was surely a personal loss to all of us.* Novelists report of an ordinary woman *She came in supported by her personal physician and her lawyer*—what's the matter with the lawyer that he isn't personal? Banks entice you to print your name on your *personal checks;* a dealer urges the purchase of etchings as a *personal gift;* and a newspaper interview with a philanthropist is set cozily at breakfast in his

(Continued on page 116)



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Harold Levine does.

An A-line after-five dress designed by Don Breitinger. Slightly flared sleeves with a bateau neckline that gently falls to a low back, an over-sized bow and an unpressed inverted pleat. The fabric is heavy, yet soft because it's "Crepe-Liu" 4-ply crepe woven with Avisco® rayon and acetate.

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Onondaga's "Crepe-Liu" is woven of 53% Avisco rayon and 47% Avisco acetate. In ivory, black, navy, sky blue. 6-14. $110. LORD & TAYLOR, New York; RICH'S, Atlanta; CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, Chicago; BATTELSTEIN'S, Houston; J. W. ROBINSON, Los Angeles.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

William Pearson:
The snap of a fashion idea

Snapping up attention now, the military two-piece dress worn top-button-open officer-style. The fabric is impeccable Fibranne in officer green, tobacco or white. Sizes 6 to 16, $110. Hat by Emme.

Another way to get attention: via the sound and scent of **Faberge's** marvelous Perfume Whistle, filled with the tawny **Tigress,** Faberge's Parfum Extraordinaire, made, bottled, sealed in France.



Fabergé

At stores listed on page 271



Shirtdress with
peach or
blue flowers,
about $16.

Skimmy in melon or
aqua geometric,
with belt, gilt buttons,
about $16.

Overblouse dress
in aqua, pink,
navy check,
about $16.



Tripletake in aqua or coral paisley, with its own shell top, about $20.

Isn't it a relief not to have to wash or dry clean these jersey pack-me-ups anytime you spill something? Thanks to ZE PEL® stain repeller, most spots blot right off, usually without a ring.

Now . . . slip into your pet Claire Tiffany, tuck a couple in your suitcase, and get away spot-free, driving your 1967 *Thunderbird*. Arnel® triacetate. Sizes 10 to 20, 12½ to 22½. ZE PEL®

The Art of McCarty: The dramatic entrance. A trumpet flare of coat introduces the long-sleeved cafe dress. A low-wattage glisten of rayon and acetate. White coat over black, red carpet or blarney green over white. 8 to 18 sizes. About 60.00.

At Fine Stores

Everywhere



Justin McCarty

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

December

The Four Beauty-Seasons

To produce for Vogue the extraordinary celebration of the four seasons, pages 177 to 180, took Elizabeth Arden's gifted Pablo four seasons. Something like a year's preparation went into the designing and making up of the costumes (the inventory of Elizabeth Arden's workrooms at one point included 12 doz. apples, 14 doz. cherries, 10 bales oak leaves—bit of a change from the usual bolts of chiffons and silks). Meanwhile, in Milan and in Rome, artisans plaited baskets and kegged wood to specifications to make the basic corselets of the costumes to match the measurements of the mannequins selected. *Le quattro stagioni* of Pablo (to borrow a note from another seasons-celebrating Italian, Vivaldi), took quite as long as nature herself—and a little longer if one counts the makeups subsequently devised for the photography of each of the seasons; makeups, you'll notice, for the body as well as for the face. Details of the costumes run along these lines: Autumn, the first of the tableaux, proclaims the season of the grape: red, green, and black grapes tumble over the edge of a wine-keg corselet above a thousand scarlet oak leaves. Pablo tints Autumn's skin to a nut-brown shade with Sport Light Secret Cover, flashes Sun Gold Cake Eye Shado beneath the brow, lights the lips with Candle Light Lipstick and Lemon Silvering—the new Elizabeth Arden lip overtone. Winter is lightly veiled with snow, frosted on dozens of twigs, boughs, pine cones, and gold Christmas balls. She carries a natural red fox muff and wears a white broadtail gilet and apron of Lammoiré-processed dyed South American lamb, all designed by Mr. Fred of Fur & Sport (and to order at Altman's; Joske's Houston). Winter's snow-mist stockings are by Pierre Cardin; her white broadtail boots by Herbert Levine. Pablo has given her a shimmering winter dawn makeup tinged with Silver Geranium Lipstick and Pink Silvering. Spring is just across the page, burgeoning with lilacs, daisies, violets, lilies of the valley, and April-green grass—a great colour spill overflowing her panniered wicker girdle. Her skin warms to the sun with Elizabeth Arden Secret Cover #3, and the first flower of spring is on her lips—Silver Jonquil Lipstick beneath Beige Silvering. Summer's a turn of the page away with apples, pears, cherries, pomegranates, peaches, and plums, skirted by thousands of green apple-leaves. Here, Pablo glosses the lips with Peach Silvering over Peach Light Lipstick and suns arms and legs in summer's own shade of Secret Cover—Sport Light....

Beauty Register: on the ski slopes

How do beauties who are also skiers stay beautiful? Straight from the well-glossed mouths of some devastating European skiers come these procedures. *Mme. Patricia de Surmont,* an accomplished sportswoman who does the slopes at Mont Blanc in summer: "I always use a sun-screen cream. Although it's not a makeup foundation, it has the colour of one. Important: Rest your legs in a raised position at least a half hour after skiing." *Mme. Henry Jurgens,* the former Monique de Nervo, spends some four months at her chalet in St. Moritz: "There is nothing more marvellous than to ski on a fine April morning in a little shirt or even in a bathing suit. Early on a ski morning, I take a boiling hot bath, trimmed with a bath oil because the mountain air dries the skin terribly. Put enough oil on my face to last all day. Put on mouth a coloured base lipstick, then brush a silver gloss over it. Twice a week when I return from skiing, my masseuse gives me a massage, oils me. Then I envelop myself in a terry towel, don't stir for a half hour." . . . *Mme. Eugénie Niarchos,* Paris, Greece, New York, St. Moritz: "I ski in a monk's cloak, thick glasses, and old leather gloves. Use some special oils and creams prescribed by my skin man, plus a sun-screen cream and a lip (Continued on page 172)

Perfume in black ball bottle $40.
Natural Spray™ dispenser $6.
Eau de Lanvin from $6.
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Fur by Georges Kaplan

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Almost nobody makes silver by hand anymore. But we still have the touch.

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For instance. A machine can't use artistic judgment when it comes to creating the shadows and highlights on Valencia (far right). So we have a real live artistic man do it. By hand.

That may sound unusual in this day and age, but it's not unusual for us. All in all, we manage to find about 35 reasons to do things by hand on each piece of silverware we make.

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All you have to spend is the price of the Bride's Set. It's a 44-piece service for 8 in a solid walnut chest, at a $65 saving over open-stock prices. That's just $320 for Joan of Arc (right). $479 for Vision (center). And $346 for Valencia.

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Pinch, please."

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Give him Madame Rochas. A few drops at a time.

PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS



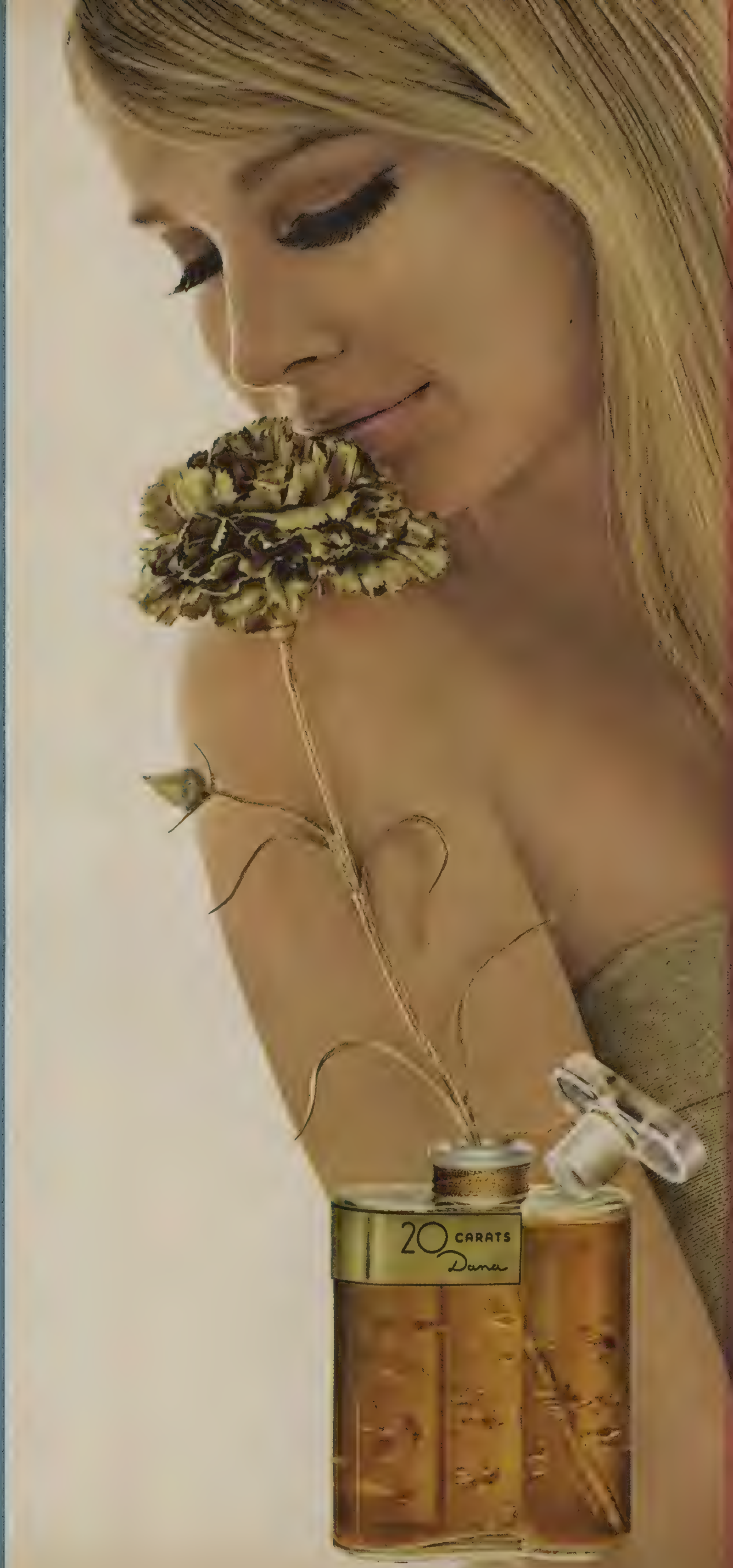
Her Highness is gift-wrapped

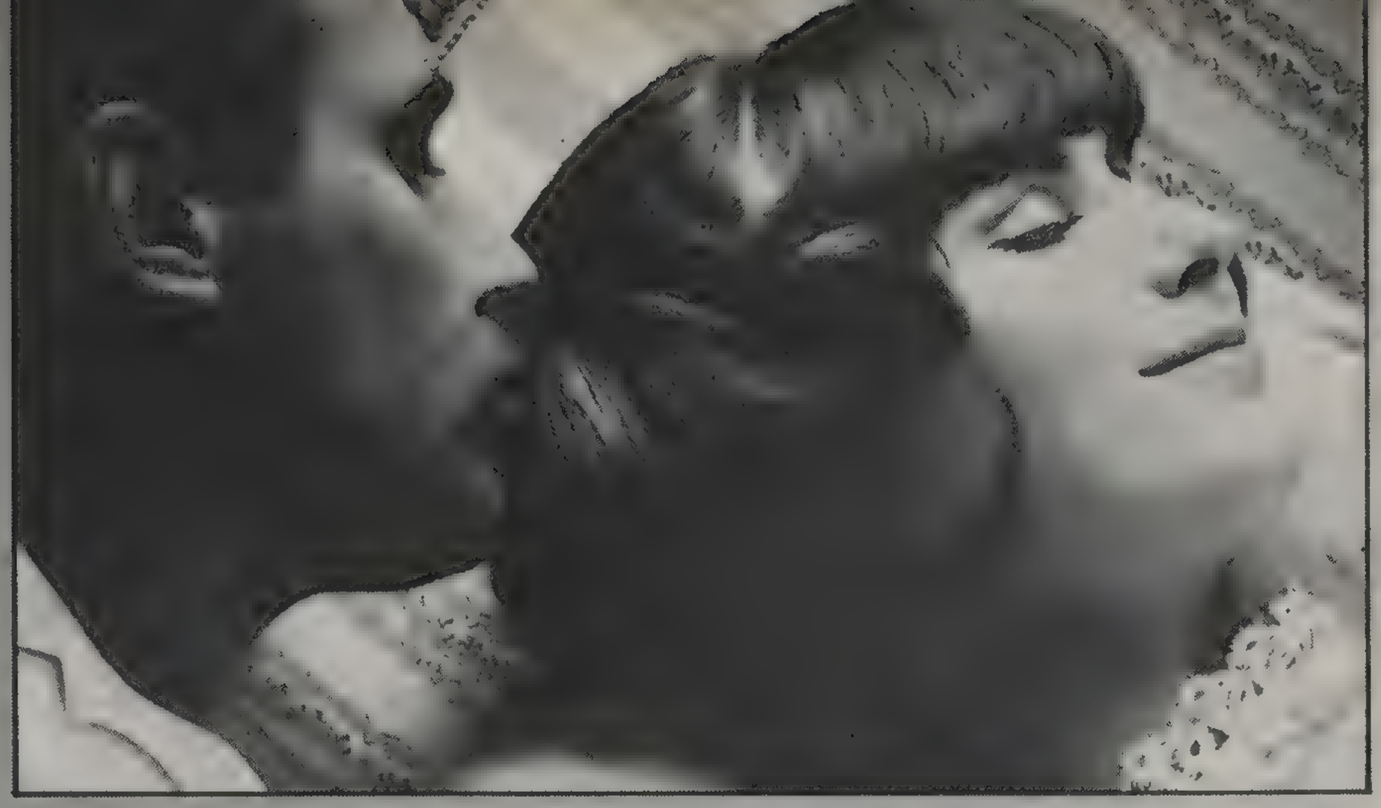
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gold
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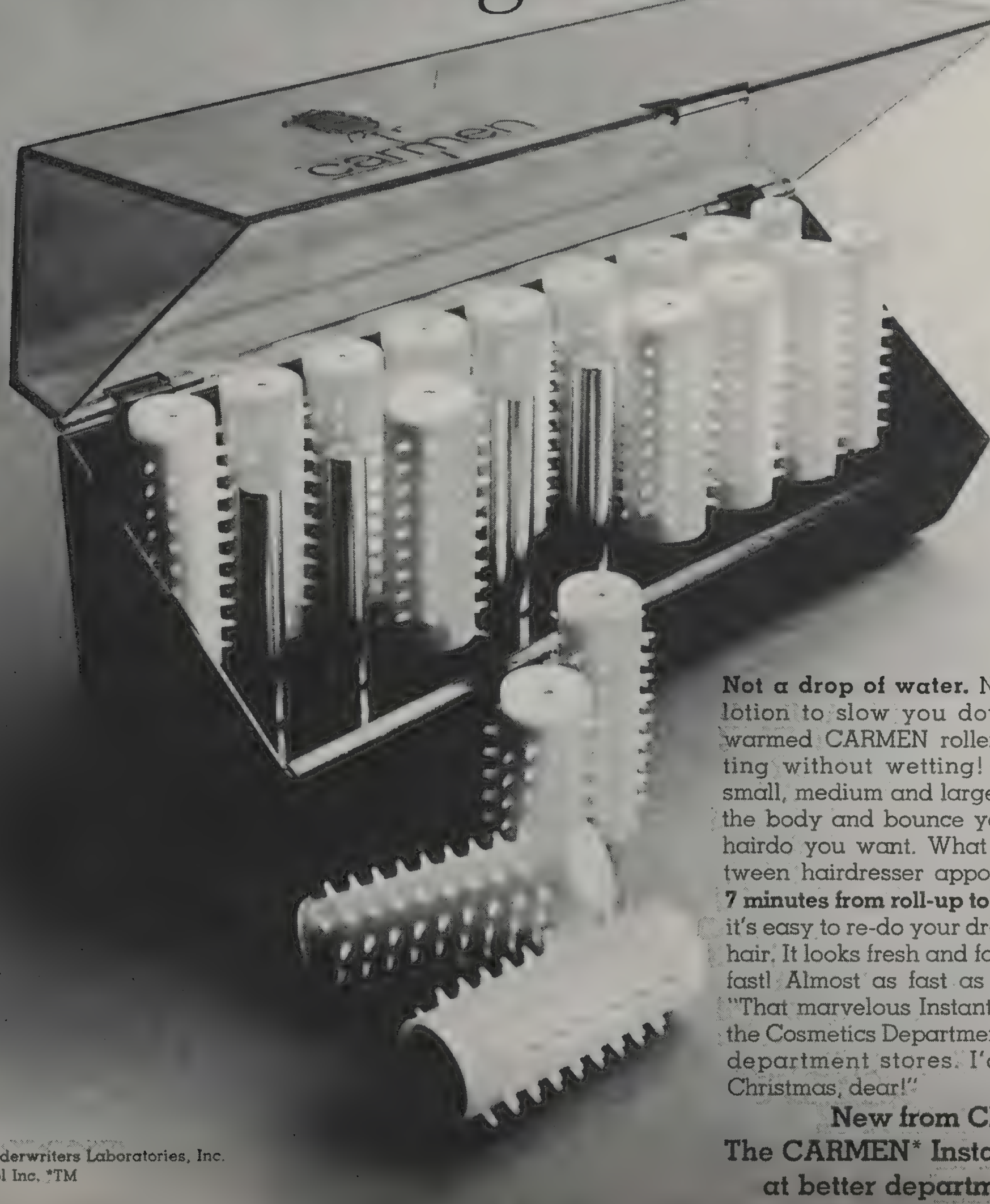
Dana


20 CARATS
Dana



Your husband need never again kiss a headful of curlers good night.

Now! Instant hair setting. No wetting. No waiting.



Not a drop of water. Not a dollop of lotion to slow you down. Now, pre-warmed CARMEN rollers do your setting without wetting! Three sizes—small, medium and large—give you all the body and bounce you need for the hairdo you want. What a lifesaver between hairdresser appointments!

7 minutes from roll-up to comb-out! Now it's easy to re-do your droopy, mid-week hair. It looks fresh and fabulous again—fast! Almost as fast as you can say—"That marvelous Instant Hairsetter is in the Cosmetics Department of the leading department stores. I'd love one for Christmas, dear!"

New from Clairol
The CARMEN* Instant Hairsetter
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Happily...it's Caprolan

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Perfume to dream by…
this cool, *this* sparkly,
this leafy-mossy-marvelous.
Across a crowded room
'midst the noise and smoke and clamour
Aphrodisia's a silent secret verdant glen…
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Caron is the kind of French every woman understands.

Scenic. Very.
The place, the girl and the coat in
Fouke-dyed Black Alaska Fur Seal,
the limited edition fur,
with insets of red velvet.
By that master of scenic effects,

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To speak, correctly

(Continued from page 84)

personal dining room. In that same paper we read that PERSONAL GUIDANCE IS KEY TO HEAD START PROJECT. What is guidance—whether given to students, the poor, or the puzzled—if it is not personal? . . .

Personal appearance has been an ambiguous phrase since the movies introduced a doubt as to what one was about to see in a theatre—a celluloid phantasm or a flesh-and-blood creature. To *appear in person* is by now a legitimate way to denote the second possibility, though a probable etymology of *person* (= through the mask) would accommodate the first equally well. In its other meaning, *personal appearance* has the sense of dress and bodily grooming, not good looks or their opposite. Finally, it is worth observing that certain set phrases such as *personal friend, personal stationery* are justified only in a context that offers clear contrasts—e.g., *political* (as against *personal*) friend; *office* (as against *personal*) stationery. Otherwise, *friend* and *stationery* suffice; the addition of the qualifier makes one doubt the writer's familiarity with note paper or his awareness of what friendship is.

PRIOR TO. This phrase is used interchangeably with *before* at the cost of losing a useful shade of meaning. From its origin in the law, *prior to* carries with it the idea of necessary precedence: *The application to the company must be executed and filed prior to the expiry of the policy*. By extension, the philosophic statement *Concepts are logically prior to the existence of particulars* implies an idea of necessity which would not be felt in a rewording such as *Concepts come before*, et cetera. It is because of this additional idea, and also a certain starchiness in *prior to*, that the growing neglect of *before* is to be deplored: *She twisted her ankle prior to getting home* sounds to the trained mind as if some important point of time were being established in court. And *The boy ate all his bread and butter prior to tackling the vegetables* suggests not a simple description but the carrying out of a doctor's orders.

TITLES AND PROPER NAMES. 1. *Mr.*, et cetera. 2. *Née*. 3. Professional titles. 4. Authors' initials and first names. 5. When to use French *de*.

1. In spite of democracy, or perhaps because of it, many persons are wanting in directness and simplicity when they announce their names, and the misuses resulting from their embarrassment have been faithfully reproduced in fiction and journalism. *I went to the house expecting to meet a woman named Mrs. Herbert. She proved to be a man named Dr. Harvey*. Nobody's *name* is *Mrs.* or *Dr.* anything. These are titles, and everyone has a full name long before titles are acquired. Accordingly, in introducing oneself one should say *My name is Tom Jones* or *I am Dr. Jones / My name is Violet Sherman* or *I am Mrs. Sherman*. In a recent Supreme Court case a point in evidence was the unwarranted familiarity with which a Southern judge had treated a Negro defendant. She had every right to be called *Miss* like anybody else, though what she should have insisted on was the proper use of her *title*, not her name.

2. A similar point occurs in the use of the term *née*, meaning *born* and applicable only to females. In logic and usage the word goes only with a last name: *Lady Asquith, née Tennant*, not *née Margot Tennant;* for it is clear that she was born without a first name, though already tagged with a last.

3. Habits vary about the use of the optional titles assigned to the professions, but certain usages are so well established that neglecting them is a solecism. The chief of these is the requirement of the article *the*, and a first name (or a *Mr.* or *Dr.*) after *Reverend—the Reverend Daniel Blake* or *the Reverend Mr.* (or *Dr.*) *Blake*, but not *the Reverend Blake*. A moment's reflection shows why good form makes this demand. The meaning of *reverend* is still active in the title, thanks to the preceding *the*, and the respect it implies

(Continued on page 123)



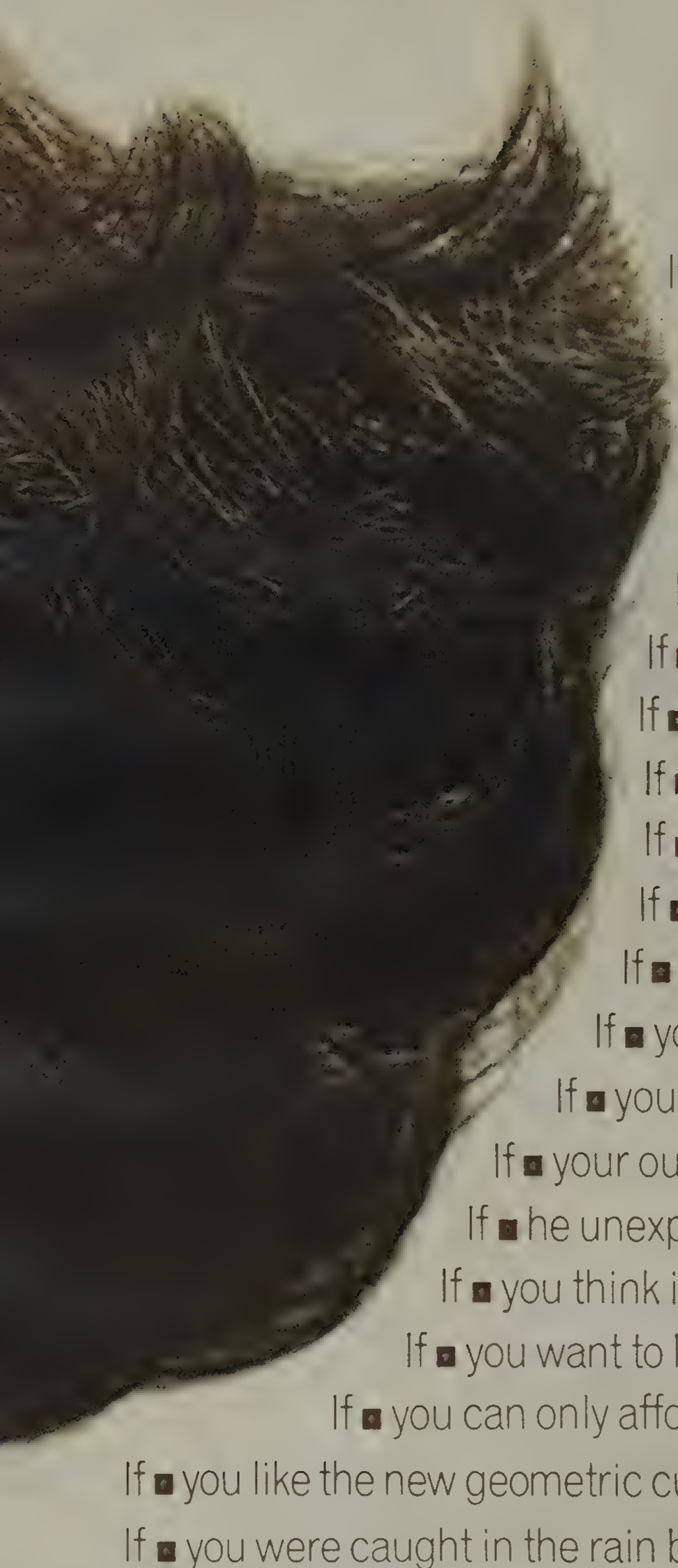
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The Parthenon lies brooding on a templed hill...symbol of a golden moment in the journey of mankind. Below, the moonlit harbor glitters silver in the night. This is the moment that belongs to your hostess. With infinite artistry she has set the scene. And what a magnificent setting for lovely Lenox China and Lenox Crystal. No wonder distinguished hostesses all over the world decide to make this gracious tradition a part of their own lives. To select this renowned china and crystal for their own tables.

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Endorsed by Sylvia Schaefer. See your hairdresser.
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If ■ you can't do a thing with your hair, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ your set didn't last, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ your haircut's a bomb, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ your time is not your own, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ humidity curls your hair, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ baby fine hair is your curse, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ your hair grows "much too slowly," wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you're tired of sprays and teasing, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ your laugh lines are no laughing matter, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ your own hair sometimes looks like a wig, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you don't want the press to recognize you, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you're "growing out" last year's short crop, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you're tired of the way you've been looking, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you're worried about trying for that new job, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ your outlook is fair, but your roots are dark, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ he unexpectedly brings his boss home to dinner, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you think it's so tame to always look the same, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you want to be a blonde, but lack the nerve to color, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you can only afford the hairdresser once a week, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you like the new geometric cuts, but are afraid to cut, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you were caught in the rain before that important date, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you just came out of the sauna, and "he" calls unexpectedly, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ you suddenly see yourself long-haired and romantic, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ your hair is extremely important to you, wear Fashion Tress.
If ■ ...
If ■ ... if... if... if...

If your own hair won't, Fashion Tress will.

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The Fairfield She-Shell® doesn't have to spend any time in your suitcase.

Wear it with shorts for shuffleboard.

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And by all means, wear it for those emergencies when you just don't know what else to wear.

The She-Shell is made of 100% Blue "C"® nylon.

It's machine washable, dryable and it won't wrinkle (even if you wear it waiting to be rescued on an uninhabited tropical island).

And it's tagged Actionwear*.

You can buy Fairfield She-Shells in a big, beautiful assortment of necklines and in 20 delicious colors.

Priced from $4 to $14. Shell shown in sizes 34-40. Only $5.

Not much for the top half of a cruise wardrobe, is it?

It's made by FAIRFIELD and it's tagged Actionwear



JOSEF OF MONTREAL calculates
the great divide to lead a double life at home
or on cruise in a whimsical screened print.
A look as witty and whistle-bait as a
golden-capped crystal whistle-that-works
dram-full of her favorite FABERGÉ
French perfume. Expect the
unexpected in the Sportique

SANGER HARRIS
DALLAS



Here's another kind of liquid refreshment most people would enjoy this Christmas.

4711 is a refreshant cologne. The kind you splash on after the bath. Or shower. Or really anytime you need a quick pick-me-up.

It's certainly a most thoughtful gift to give at Christmas. Since this is the season everyone wants to be in the best of spirits. Cheering, dancing and so forth.

4711 is different from other colognes. It's not the perfumed kind.That's why you can lavish it on. What it has, is a subtle scent that discreetly recedes into the background. Leaving your skin with a sort of tingling, invigorating sensation that feels awfully good.

And 4711 is made quite differently, too. A Carthusian monk gave us the formula back in 1792, and it's been a well-guarded secret ever since. (Without giving too much away, we can tell you it's mellowed for a long, long time in oak casks. Like rare vintage wine.)

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1017

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To speak, correctly

(Continued from page 116)

calls for the full designation of the man. It is not *Blake* or *some Blake or other* who is reverend, but *Daniel Blake* or *Mr. Blake.*

For reasons hard to define, the use of *Professor* as a mode of address without a name attached is no longer in good repute in this country, although the parallel use of *Doctor* to a physician is acceptable. This difference may have to do with the degradation to which *Professor* was subjected in the last century, when sellers of patent medicine and instructors in the art of self-defense made free use of the title. In many American colleges and universities today, the preferred form is to overlook all titles and follow the common uses of *Mr.* for everybody. Whatever the practice may be, it is never permissible to make play with the modifiers of *Professor* by writing or calling out *Assistant Professor Stone* or *Adjunct Professor Prendergast.*

4. The same subtle but strong feelings lead one to condemn without appeal the practice of certain magazines that make a repetitive title out of a man's calling—*Author Hemingway, Sculptor Moore,* and so on. It is offensive, even though the appellation is incontrovertible. One just cause of the resentment is that as author, the person is entitled to the public form of his name; as a man, he is entitled to the prefix *Mr.,* with or without initials or first name. The public form of a notable man's name is the form he chooses for labeling and publicizing his works. Accordingly, nothing is more annoying than to have *H. G. Wells* made unrecognizable by being turned into *Herbert George Wells; Arnold Bennett* expanded into *Enoch Arnold Bennett;* and *Lenin* supplied with a *Nikolai,* which is somebody's imagining of what the pseudonymous *N.* stands for.

It is true that in an index initials do not always suffice to distinguish namesakes. But the determined pedantry that flouts a public man's manifest choice should be left as the pastime of librarians and lexicographers. The editors of the third edition of Webster's New International Dictionary are particularly headstrong in this regard, as are also the makers of reference books who take advantage of the fact that the French bestow three of four Christian names on their offspring. Instead of using, or at least indicating, the familiar, established first name (e.g., *Eugène Delacroix*) these compilers insist on printing *Ferdinand Victor Eugène,* omitting the hyphens that belong to French usage, and leaving the unlearned reader in doubt which and how many of the given names form part of the historic name.

5. There remains, apropos of French names, the troublesome question of when to use and when to omit *de.* Of course, the name in full presents no difficulty: *de* is indispensable—*Alexis de Tocqueville, Alfred de Vigny.* Likewise if a title is used —*Comte de Gobineau.* But what of the last name when taken by itself? The answer may seem complicated at first; in reality it is easily mastered.

To begin with, *de* is invariably used when it is attached: *Robert Delattre* gives by itself *Delattre;* it never appears in any other form. All other names, with *de* separate, fall into three classes: names of one syllable, names of more than one syllable, names of more than one syllable that begin with a vowel. All the names of one syllable must always have *de* before them— *De Thou, De Retz, De Mun.* All the longer names, unless they begin with a vowel, *must* drop the *de: Tocqueville says . . .; Vigny's poems are austere; Gobineau was no racist*—and hence: *Maupassant* (not *de*) *wrote innumerable short stories.* But names longer than one syllable that begin with a vowel break the rule for long names and require *D': D'Argenson, D'Artagnan.*

The simple aid to memory about this rule-of-three is to think of an example of each: *De Gaulle, Tocqueville,* and *D'Artagnan.* A further comfort: All the foregoing applies exclusively to *de. Du* and *Des* are invariably used with the last name, short or long, voweled or not: *Des Brosses, Du Guesclin.*



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Beauty rescue at the ready

This happens (it's a particularly-December happening every year): a woman spends a hard day's day shopping, florist-ing, package-wrapping, list-rearranging, and by evening she has aged ten years. She does what she can to *prevent* fatigue, of course—mixes some oxygen into her schedule (a walk in the fresh air helps); takes her vitamins faithfully (on orders from her most energetic friend, who once startled her by saying, "*What?* You didn't take your vitamins today? It's like saying you didn't take a bath today.") . . . Even so, there comes the afternoon when energy is bankrupt and there's still the evening ahead to be spent. Given no more than a half hour's time to restore her looks, how can she turn into an ornament to society by drinks-time, by dinner? You know the answer: she can be ready with beauty-rescue supplies. . . . Easier *this* year than it was the year before, easier the year *before* than it was the year before that, beauty-rescue escalates in efficiency each year. It's for this that hairpieces were born; for this the remarkable Carmen Curler was invented; and possibly for this that more and more shops have staffed their beauty acreage with adviceful experts. Give them a problem, and they're all Florence Nightingales. . . .

Among the latest gathering of beauty experts is the tastefully arranged group who staff Bergdorf Goodman's succinct new first-floor installation—an area called Beauty at Bergdorf's. Interesting because only ten of only-the-best cosmetics houses are included, the department is unconfusing to shop. You might begin at centre, left, or right—but if you were going to shop clockwise, this would be the running order. Elizabeth Arden, far left. Next, Kenneth, whose new patchouli-based perfume and enamel-cased beauty goodies have just arrived. Next, Scandia. Germaine Monteil. Ultima II, Revlon's now-enlarged special collection. Lancôme. Estée Lauder. Alexandra de Markoff. Marcella Borghese. And suddenly you're in Gloves. But at the entrance to the department, so placed because it's been a Bergdorf pet for some twelve years, is Imperial Formula with a tight little island of its own. . . . Now: no matter which counter is your starting point, advice on how to make a fast beauty save would be in general pretty much the same. *Any* beauty repairing, they'd tell you, starts with a thorough cleansing of the face (each house has its way, and they vary considerably); something to refresh tired eyes; a quick hop into a masque, then into a tub. After bath, and masque-removal, moisturizers—one for the body, one for the face. Then makeup. Then into your hairpiece, your clothes, and you're off. . . . But a few little surprises in the way of beauty-reviving techniques might also come across the counters at Beauty at Bergdorf's, should you ask.

From the Alexandra de Markoff specialist, for instance, you might hear the news that a tired face had better see

immediately to the skin around the eyes. "Aging and fatigue is told in the feathery dryness of this area of skin. . . . Lubricate around the eye and gloss the eyelid with a clean, clear, fine oil, and instantly the eye seems fresher and more lustrous." The way Alexandra de Markoff provides this help is with an eye emollient stick that silks the skin but doesn't look greasy. (Which may account for why some women use this as their daytime eye *makeup*.) "But *rollllllllll* the stick gently, don't drag it across," adds the expert. For erasing fatigue on a face-size scale, she's naturally all for your using the celebrated Countess Isserlyn foundation, but in a lighter shade than your usual, because light pulls faces out of shadows. And to wake up the expression, pink cream eye shadow on the eyebone.

From the pleasant woman in charge of Marcella Borghese's cosmetics, you'd likely hear this: "Fatigue often expresses itself in sallowness of skin. A fatigued face in fact *eats up* colour. And what can correct sallowness and 'block' the skin from absorbing makeup colour is a violet toner over the whole face." To wear under your foundation, therefore, Borghese's violet-tinted Velluto. (A slightly different approach to the same idea emerges from the Ultima II advisor—the violet toner she offers up is a moisturizer as well.) Another enthusiasm in the Marcella Borghese precinct is an eye gelée that silks up the skin around the eyes, and could work while you're en-masqued in the tub.

At Ultima II, which products are generally geared to a woman in a hurry (they all slick on quickly, handle easily), you might be advised to stock your beauty-rescue cupboard with a pair of makeup spectacles devised especially to make eye making-up possible for the woman who can't see what she's doing. (At the Ultima II counter, they'll undoubtedly mention a new spirit-reviver—Ultima II fragrance, ready in the form of a body perfume.) . . . The Lancôme specialist, as French as the cosmetics over which she presides, has a pick-up masque called Masque No. 10—"a pickup with no plunge." She's in love, and it's obviously serious, with everything Lancôme makes, but told that you're in a tearing hurry to refresh your looks, she'd likely advise a lotion called Esperides, a quick cleanser which can also make your arms and décolletage glisten ravishingly. . . . At Germaine Monteil: the new Night Shades foundation with Lumina is cited. "A marvellous, *marvellous* thing," says its lady-in-charge. Makes the skin look as fresh as a dewy tea rose. . . . At Elizabeth Arden, new highlighting lipsticks. . . . At Scandia, a much brighter mouth, and to make shade-choosing easy (and closer to the truth), they hold up to your mouth a good-size shade-card so you can see for yourself. . . . At Estée Lauder, all kinds of good advice; Glow-in-the-Round, the excellent day blusher, is also issued for evening in three evening shades, each frosted up a bit for still more illumination. . . . At Imperial Formula, where the handmade creams draw the crowds, don't miss this bit of beauty-rescue: covering creams in tonalities that imitate skin tones, and do as good a job of covering under-eye circles as one could hope for. . . . And throughout the department, big and little bottles of the great perfumes. Musts for beauty-reviving.

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A Reference for Lady Chatterley's Lover

By Anthony Powell

EDITOR'S NOTE: What happened to Mellors, the gamekeeper, and to Lady Chatterley, after D. H. Lawrence dropped the story? Keeping to details from the novel as carefully as if they were clues in an archaeological dig, Anthony Powell came up with this startling twist, a 1966 domestic reference for Mellors given by Lady Chatterley. One of England's most distinguished writers, author of the imposing series of novels *A Dance to the Music of Time*, Mr. Powell recently finished the eighth in line: *The Soldier's Art*, to be published in a year or so by Little, Brown and Company. In his novels, as in this wryly presumed aftermath to one of the world's most famous love stories, Mr. Powell's comedy is an unsettling mix of the absurd and the all too humanly possible.

A long, low house in brown stone. Wragby Hall looked much as one had been led to expect. It was set among trees from which the rain still dripped forlornly onto tangled undergrowth. The oaks stood silent and tired, like old, worn-out seekers after pleasure, unable to keep up in this grimy, mechanized world of ours. The weather was sultry, and from where Tevershall pit bank was burning, a scent of coal dust and sulphur charged the atmosphere, while lowering, mackintosh-coloured clouds gave warning that another heavy downpour might at any moment take place. Away beyond the park at the far end of the drive, a hooter gave three short blasts, and there came the noise of shunting trucks, the whistle of colliery locomotives, and the voices of men, bitter and discontented; loud, rasping voices raised in conflict. Ashes had been thrown down in front of the entrance to the house to fill the cavities of the gravel in which pools of brackish water had accumulated. He rang an iron bell and waited, trying to remove from one eye a small piece of grit, blown downwind from the furnaces. After some minutes the door was opened by a good-looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in black.

"Lady Chatterley?"

She smiled slowly, sphinx-like.

"Her Ladyship is expecting you."

She took the hat and overcoat.

"Her Ladyship is in her own sitting room. She said I was to show you straight up."

Some concealed implication of enquiry seemed to rest in those rather defiant grey eyes. No doubt it was a little uncommon for a guest to be given access to that intimate, inviolate apartment; or some hint such as this was at least conveyed by her look, a questioning of the favoured stranger's credentials it might be. Turning on her heel, she led the way up the main staircase, and along a passage hung with stark oil paintings and then up more stairs. On one of the landings, the door of a lumber room was ajar and behind a pile of hatboxes, suitcases, vestry chests, rosewood cradles, and engravings from Landseer's works, was the glimpse of a contraption which seemed at first sight an unusual form of mowing machine, but declared itself almost immediately as Sir Clifford Chatterley's wheelchair. It was rusty and covered with dust; and piled high with riding boots and old golf clubs. Clearly it had lain unused for years.

"Sir Clifford won't be back for some weeks?"

"He's in London, sir. He

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often has to go there now on business."

"He has become an important figure in coal."

"He has indeed, sir."

"I suppose he is—perfectly all right now."

"Oh yes, sir. Absolutely."

She laughed quietly to herself as if this were a rather foolish question to have asked, and she knew the answer all right. She was a thickset, healthy-looking woman, speaking with a broad Derbyshire burr, with keen eyes and a strong, supple body, like a tigress moving through some dark, thick undergrowth.

"Oh yes. Sir Clifford is absolutely all right now."

She gave another of those secretive, excludatory laughs as she opened a door on the third floor and showed him into a small room decorated in pink and yellow distemper, upon the walls of which hung huge German reproductions of paintings by Renoir and Cézanne. He had the impression of entering a bright, up-to-date schoolroom where lessons are enjoyed.

Constance Chatterley was standing by the window, looking down onto the park. She turned slowly, and held out her hand with a movement that carried with it a challenge of hidden energies; fair, blue-eyed, with some occasional freckles. A faint fragrance of wood-violet perfume was wafted across the room.

"So you found your way here in spite of the rain."

The other woman paused at the door.

"Will you have tea here or in the drawing room, m'Lady?"

"In the drawing room, Mrs. Bolton."

"At five o'clock or earlier, m'Lady?"

"I will ring when we are ready for it."

"Very good, m'Lady."

Lingering, almost rebelling, Mrs. Bolton left the room hesitantly, as if unwilling to submit to this assertion of a subtler will than her own. Lady Chatterley was certainly handsome. Not in a too demure or dull way. On the contrary, she had put on plenty of lipstick, and her clothes looked almost over-smart for the country. At the same time she gave an impression of a person at ease with herself and her surroundings, a person not easily embarrassed. This was a relief because it might be necessary to make enquiries that would sound—in the ordinary way—inquisitive. She held out a box of gold-tipped cigarettes.

"Do sit down," she said. "You wanted to see me about a reference?"

Best to go straight to the point. There was nothing to be gained by beating about the bush; especially with someone so unaffected.

"A friend of mine is looking for a suitable man for a post in one of the national game preserves of the Dominions. He has had an applicant who seems to be the right type and who gave your name as a reference. Hearing that I was staying with neighbours of yours my friend suggested that you wouldn't mind if I came over, and had a talk about this man."

"But of course—"

"There were certain points my friend wanted to make sure about before he engages anyone. It is quite an important position, you know, and—coming under the Government—you will appreciate that one has to make the fullest enquiries. The man is a former employee of your husband's I understand. Mellors. I take it he gave your name as he knew Sir Clifford was away from home."

For a moment she frowned, as if at a loss.

"Mellors?"

"Mellors," he said. "Oliver Mellors. A gamekeeper."

"Mellors, it was Parkin. Wasn't it Parkin? Or was it Mellors? I dimly recall the name Parkin, and yet Mellors is familiar, too. Anyway, I remember the man you mean, I'm sure. I am so glad he is in the way of getting a good job. He never seemed somehow very happy here. But such a nice man."

"My friend says he appears to be an excellent type. I believe he had a commission in India during the war."

"Yes, a quartermaster, I think, or do they call it the Army Service Corps? Clifford told me, but I forget. Clifford says he always laughs when he thinks of

(Continued on page 130)

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Lady Chatterley's Lover

(Continued from page 127)

Mellors handing out stores. You'd have had to have been a real old soldier to have got by Mellors, Clifford always says."

"That sounds promising. He will be able to deal with the clerical side."

"Oh yes, Mellors started in an office—but I think he liked to remember his army days. He always saluted if one came across him in the grounds."

"I suppose he has the usual formal requirements—honest, sober, hard-working, an early riser—I mean he won't be too much of an old soldier?"

"Honest to a fault. An absolutely reliable man. Sober, too—and didn't at all mind getting up early. I believe as a matter of fact he had rather a weak head."

She pouted archly.

"Was there some trouble? Tipsy at the tenants' dance or something of the sort."

"Really I have only the vaguest reason for saying he had a weak head. Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it. Only after he left us, my father happened to run into Mellors in the street in London. They had seen a good deal of each other because Papa has a passion for the rough shooting round here."

"Your father is Sir Malcolm Reid, R. A., of course."

"Like most artists he is a bit of an eccentric. He took Mellors to a sort of Bohemian club he belongs to in Soho and gave him lunch. Papa always likes to do himself well—and he said that by the end of the meal poor Mellors got rather red in the face and kept on telling the same story over and over again about how when he was in the army in India he would have been a captain if it hadn't been for the dark gods."

"I suppose the Indians had been getting on his nerves."

"Visits to temples or something, I expect. Perhaps he had seen queer Oriental carvings—I myself have been shown some that might easily upset a highly strung person. Anyway it was all rather a shame to my mind—but Papa is quite shameless where it's a question of having too many liqueurs after luncheon."

"This was obviously a most exceptional occasion. But he is a hard worker—Mellors?"

"As far as he goes, he is a very hard worker. Of course, you realize that he is not a strong man. I remember in the days when my husband used a wheelchair, the engine that drove the chair went wrong. Mellors tried to push it as if it were a bath chair, and really got quite breathless, poor fellow. That breathlessness was really why Clifford's father had arranged for him to have the job in the first place."

"So he dates back to your father-in-law's time?"

"Oh, he was quite an old retainer."

"And knew his job well?"

"There was not a great deal to do, you see, as we couldn't afford big parties—just an occasional old friend like Mr. Michaelis, the playwright, for a night or two. In fact Clifford always said it was a terrible piece of extravagance employing a gamekeeper at all in those days, but he went on because he thought it would give Mellors time to himself for reading and so on."

"Why reading?"

"Mellors was quite a highbrow in his way. He was a scholarship boy at Sheffield Grammar School and always had the air of having come down in the world a bit. We wanted to do anything we could for him."

"His father was a local blacksmith, wasn't he?"

"Oh, surely not! A schoolmaster, I think. On second thought, I believe he did shoe horses for a time—to demonstrate the dignity of manual labour. Mellors had a lot of those rather William Morris-y ideas too, you know."

"But I understood that he described himself as of 'mining stock'?"

"His grandfather—or possibly his great-grandfather—had something to do with the mine—surface work of some sort. It's quite true. Mellors was very

proud of being 'mining stock'—all the more because he himself was a bit of a highbrow. In fact I believe he even had something published in *The New Statesman* once—a little piece of verse, or his impressions, or something of the sort."

"I had no idea. . . ."

"He had quite a small library of books in the cottage he lived in here—we might have gone to see it if it hadn't begun to rain so hard, it's rather snug. There were books about the causes of earthquakes, and electrons, and curious Indian customs—the 'dark gods,' perhaps—and Karl Marx, Freud, every sort of thing."

"He sounds an out-of-the-way fellow."

"Oh, Mellors was a real character. And then he loved dressing up. That was why he always wore a sort of green velveteen uniform and gaiters. Clifford made rather a fuss about the expense of getting it for him, but in the end he gave in, and Mellors got his way—as he usually did in things he had set his heart on."

"He must have looked quite picturesque."

"He did say to me once that he thought men ought to wear close red trousers and little short white jackets—but really we had to draw the line there. Unfortunately, the Chatterley livery is a rather sombre affair of black and drab so there was nothing much to be done for him in that direction. However, I think he was fairly happy with his green velveteens."

There was a pause. Lady Chatterley looked out again towards the park, as if trying to recall more information about Mellors that might be of assistance to his new employers. Now the rain was coming down in sheets, thudding like artillery against the windowpanes.

"There was another—rather delicate question."

"Yes?"

"A considerable female staff is employed on certain clerical and other duties connected with the scientific observation of the habits of the animals within the preserve in question. Mellors, I am sure, could be trusted not . . . not to make a fool of himself. . . . Only there was a rumour about some sort of a scandal in connection with his wife—that is only why I ask. No doubt gossip and much exaggerated."

"I am sure it was. That was certainly our impression here. I should say he was entirely trustworthy—unless some quite unusual circumstances were to arise."

"Excellent."

"In fact your question would make our housekeeper, Mrs. Bolton—who let you in—laugh a great deal."

"She had a poor opinion of Mellors?"

"I'm afraid she used to laugh about him sometimes."

"Then we need to go no further into the matter of his wife?"

"I don't think the trouble about Mrs. Mellors was to be taken too seriously—although, of course, there was a certain amount of talk in the village at the time. The Mellorses had all sorts of what were then thought to be rather 'advanced' ideas. For example, he always used to refer to her by her maiden name as 'Bertha Coutts.' "

"No relation to the banking family?"

"If so, very distant. There were endless—and I believe rather unnecessarily public—discussions as to whether or not, for example, it was better for husband and wife to have separate rooms; whether companionate marriage was a prudent preliminary; how large families should be, and if it was desirable for a married couple to spend a certain time apart from one another in the course of the year."

"She was rather a highbrow too?"

"She had lived in Birmingham. I think she moved in circles on the outskirts of the Repertory Theatre."

"One can understand that all this was not wholly appreciated in the neighbourhood."

(Continued on page 136)

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Lady Chatterley's Lover

(Continued from page 131)

"It was during one of Mellors's temporary separations from his wife that he returned to his situation with us."

"You say 'temporary'—did he go back to his wife then?"

"In the end they decided in favour of a divorce—but without any hard feelings on either side."

"Were there any children?"

"A little girl. Mrs. Mellors held rather decided views as to how her daughter should be brought up, and was very anxious that no early harm should be done by frustration. I understand there were signs of—well—a bit of a father fixation. Besides Mrs. Mellors was conscientiously opposed to blood sports, which created difficulties vis-à-vis her husband's profession."

"There would be no question of Mrs. Mellors wanting to accompany him if he took up this post?"

"On the contrary. During their periods apart Mrs. Mellors found herself increasingly influenced by the personality of one of the colliers at Stacks Gate—a prominent figure in local Chapel circles. They used to discuss social and economic questions with others in the village interested in such matters. In the end they married."

"So Mellors is entirely without encumbrances."

"It is a long time since I have seen him—but this talk of ours has made me remember a lot of things about him. When he finally parted company with his wife there was some vague question of his getting married again—to someone younger than himself and in rather a different walk of life."

"Indeed."

"It would not, I think, have been particularly suitable!"

"A local girl?"

"I believe. . . . It was after he left us. They used to meet in London."

"Did anything come of it?"

"Very sensibly, the understanding was broken off by mutual consent."

"No doubt all for the best."

"After that, Mellors let it be known that he very definitely intended to remain single. He was quite happy, he used to say, with his wild flowers and his animals—and the wonderful imitations he used to give—when he had an audience—of the local dialect, in the origins of which he was keenly interested."

"Why did he actually leave your service, finally?"

Lady Chatterley considered for a moment.

"Temperament," she said at last. "It was a question of temperament. And, after all, most of us want a change at times. I suppose Mellors was like the rest of the world and enjoyed a little variety at intervals. He used to say, there are black days coming for all of us and for everybody. In some ways he was a very moody man. An unusually moody man."

There was another pause.

"I am really most grateful to you. I think you have told me quite enough to assure me that he would fill the vacancy admirably—that is, if his health holds up."

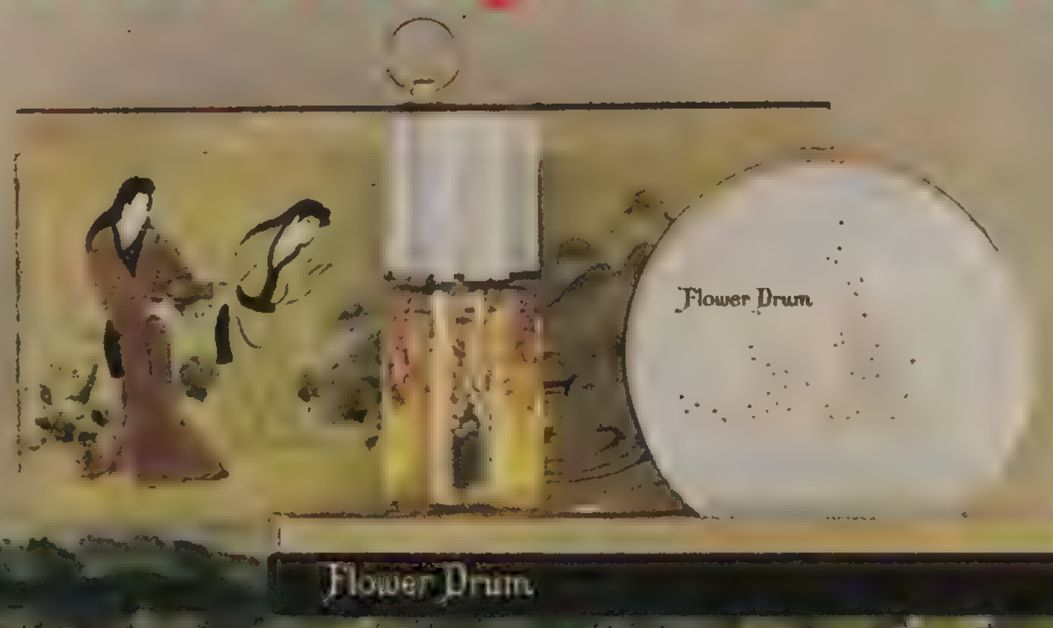
"That is the question," she said, very quietly, "if his health holds up."

She swung her feet onto the sofa, and lay back, stretching towards an ashtray to extinguish the stub of her cigarette. One of her suède slippers fell to the ground. She did not bother to recapture it. Outside the rain had ceased and a dull sun showed through the heavy cloudbanks. Below the window the hazel brake was misted with green, and under it the dark counterpane of dog's mercury edged the velvet of the sward. Still the breeze bore on its wings the scent of tar, and all the time came the thud, thud, thud of industrial afternoon in the Midlands; while the gentle perfume of wood violet was more than ever apparent above the insistent incense of the undying furnaces.

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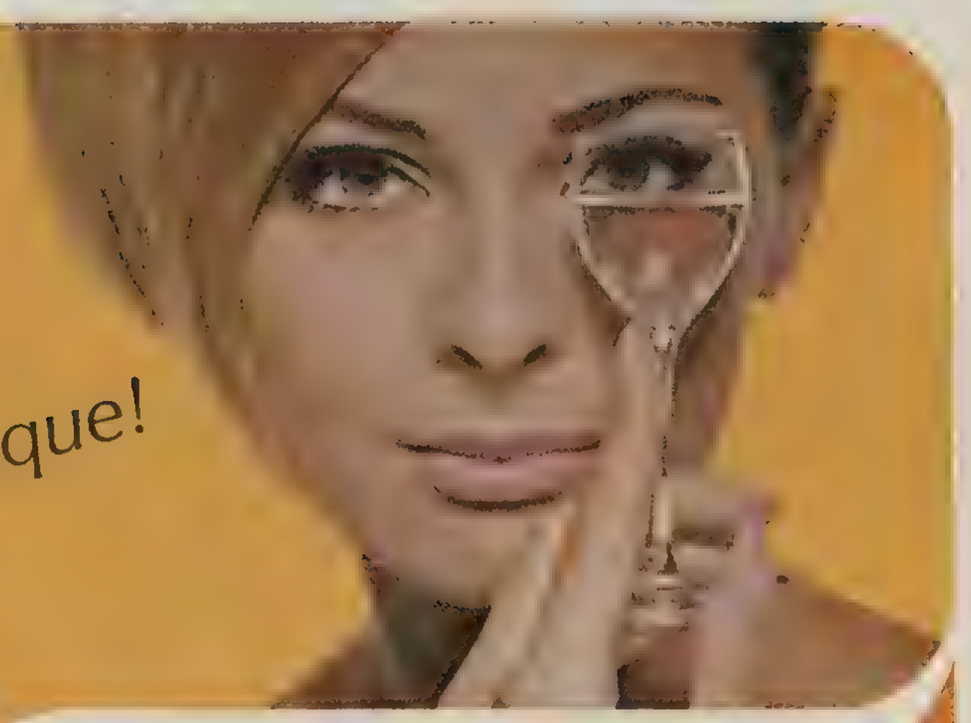


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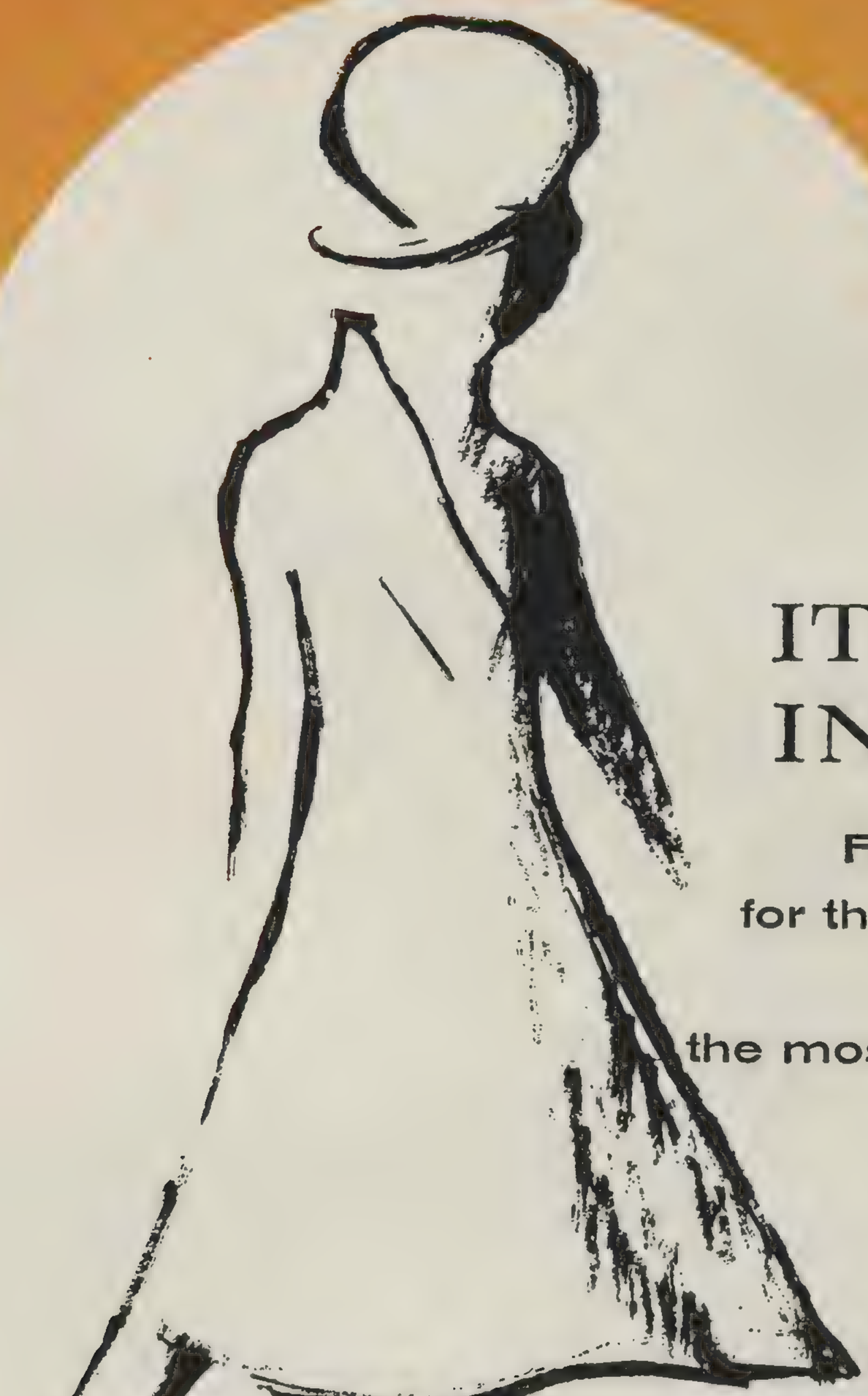
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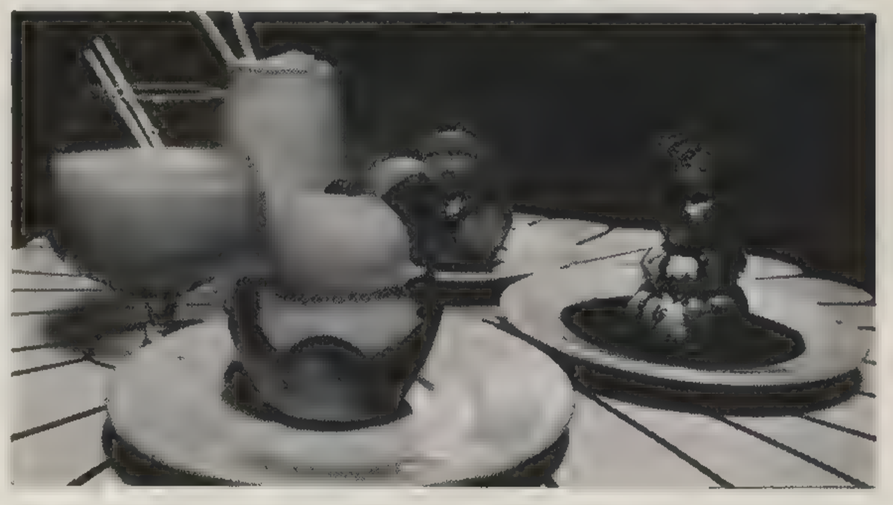


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Spirits to eat with a spoon



"Now eat your liqueur, there's a good girl." The only thing quirky about that line these days (provided the girl is old enough for liqueurs) is the thought that she might need urging. Cropping up in attractive places have been a new category of desserts made out of liqueurs: not desserts with liqueurs poured over them, but desserts with liqueurs built in.

Until recently, not too much of this sort of thing has happened since the great classic Soufflé Grand Marnier. Now, in New York, for instance, the new restaurant L'Étoile has a series of liqueur sherbets. They are awfully good. This restaurant has, in addition, a soda-fountain line of rich, delicious drinks made with spirits. For a bird with bird appetite one is a day's diet, but who cares? While L'Étoile will not, NOT give out the sherbet recipes, it will pack the sherbets to take out (a pint, $.85; a quart, $1.50) at 2 East 59th Street.

As for the sodas *alcooliques*, for anyone with the panache to make and serve them, here is a rush of recipes for desserts to serve in tall glasses with straws and long spoons:

Brandy Alexander Frosted

½ ounce Crème de Cacao
½ ounce brandy
1 scoop vanilla ice cream
½ cup milk

Place ingredients in blender and whip. Serve with a straw.

Chocolate Cognac Soda

1¼ ounces cognac
2 squirts chocolate syrup
¼ cup light cream
2 scoops chocolate ice cream

Place ingredients in glass and fill with soda water. Whipped cream and shaved chocolate topping optional.

Soda Fraises au Kirsch

1 ounce Kirsch
2 squirts cherry syrup
¼ cup light cream
2 scoops strawberry ice cream

Place ingredients in glass, fill with soda water. Whipped cream topping with ½ strawberry optional.

Drambuie Soda

1¼ ounces Drambuie
2 squirts vanilla syrup
2 scoops vanilla ice cream
¼ cup light cream

Place ingredients in glass, fill with soda water.

Cointreau Frosted

2 ounces Cointreau
1 scoop vanilla ice cream
½ cup milk

Place ingredients in blender and whip. Serve with a straw.

Grand Marnier Frosted

1½ ounces Grand Marnier
1 scoop vanilla ice cream
¼ cup heavy cream

Place ingredients in blender and whip. Dust top of glass with nutmeg. Serve with a straw.

Grasshopper Frosted

1½ ounces green Crème de Menthe
1 scoop vanilla ice cream
½ cup milk

Place ingredients in blender and whip. Serve with a straw.

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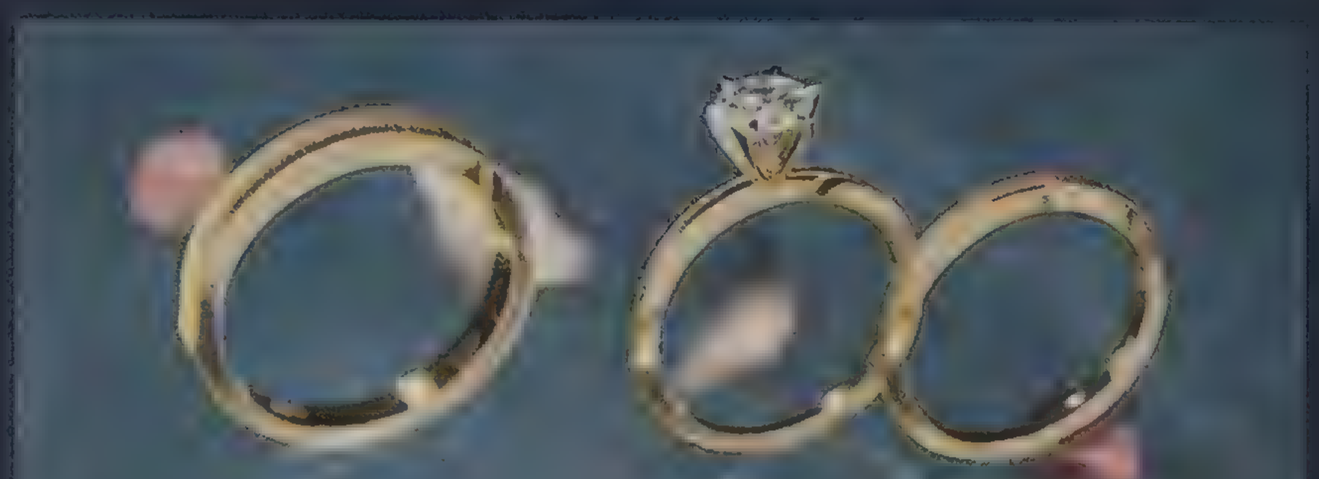
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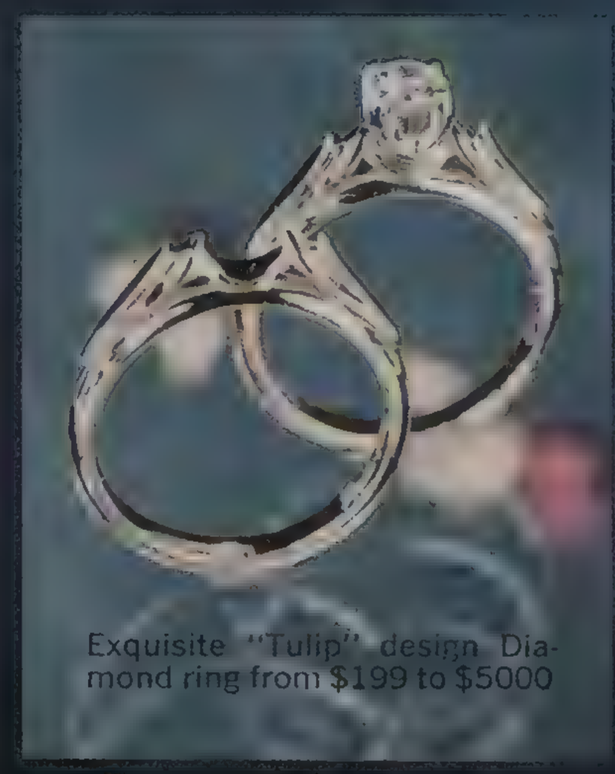
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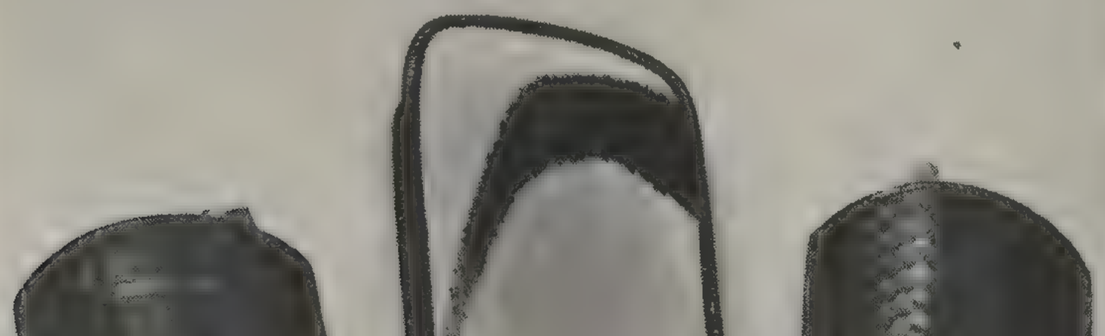
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VOGUE'S

The glitter and shine of the Hoolaulea Ball in New York

"The women looked absolutely Today. Right now. None of this timeless stuff. Marvellous hairdos, and faces. And glitter everywhere. Silver and glitter." So said a guest at the Hoolaulea Ball following the opening in New York of the film *Hawaii.* What sharpened the scene at this double benefit for the Will Rogers Hospital and the O'Donnell Memorial Research Laboratories was the spattering of skimp dresses, silvered morsels that quit long before they reached knees. At this party, which had been brilliantly organized, polished, and plumped up by Mrs. Anne McDonnell Ford, as chairman for the first time of a New York ball, part of the fun was the contrasts. Decorated with walls of straw matting, tiki masks, masses of green-



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NOTEBOOK

ery, ti leaves, hibiscus, and thousands of orchids flown from Hawaii, the ballroom of the Americana looked effective, outdoorsy. And there in the middle of this jungle some memorable women sizzled in what amounted to a synopsis of the evening looks of the New York season, 1966-67.

1. Mrs. Anne McDonnell Ford and her daughter, Mrs. Giancarlo Uzielli. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Schippers. 3. Mrs. William S. Paley. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard. 5. Mr. and Mrs. R. Stephen Salant, junior. 6. Mr. George F. Baker, junior, and Mrs. Garrick Stephenson. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Byron Janis. 8. Miss Martha de Bayle and H. E. Piero Vinci, Italian Ambassador to the United Nations. 9. Mrs. Stavros Niarchos dancing with Mr. Michael Santangelo. 10. Mrs. Winston Frost and Mr. Thomas W. Phipps. 11. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, junior, with Mr. Horace Kelland.



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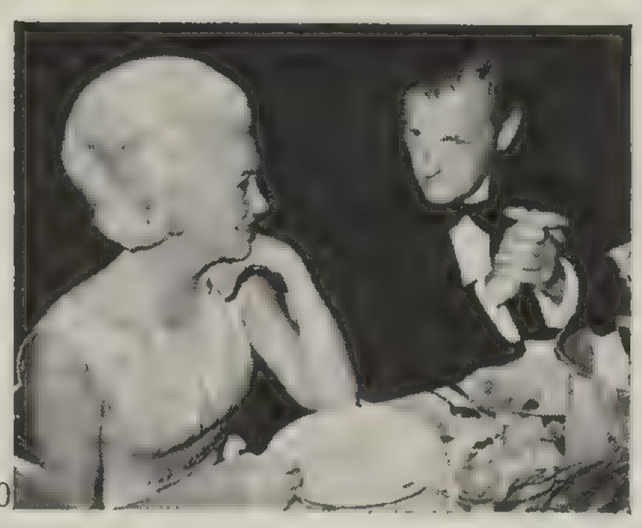




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The Queen of the Tinkers sang, three Irish musicians played jigs, and a rock team named the Discords seemed, in their orange shirts and green ties, as dim as peahens among the peacock glory of the guests. It was the wedding ball given for Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, the Knight of Glin, and Madame Fitzgerald by her grandmother, Lady Birley. Filled with the paintings of the late Sir Oswald Birley, the house in St. John's Wood looked like a Galsworthy setting peopled with the new British young. Girls in pants suits. Men in ruffles. The mini-est skirts, long imposing satins, and something close to blue jeans: All were there. Mr. Fitzgerald and Mlle. Louise de la Falaise, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Comtesse Maxine de la Falaise and of Comte de la Falaise, were married the day of the



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NOTEBOOK

ball at St. Mary's Church in Chelsea. Unlike a wedding reception, this party blazing into the night resembled a French *bal des mariés*. At heart, it was one of Lady Birley's admired parties—warm, gay, amusing, with undertones of intellectualism, of the arts, and an echo of eccentricity—and with marvellous food, prepared in part by Lady Birley, and by her grandson Alexis de la Falaise who cooks in his uncle Mark Birley's famous London nightclub, Annabel's.

1. Comtesse Maxine de la Falaise, Lady Birley, and Madame Fitzgerald. 2. After their marriage, Madame Fitzgerald and the Knight of Glin with young attendants: left to right, Lady Davina Crichton, Rudolf zu Loewenstein, India Jane Birley, and Robin Birley. 3. Lady Annabel Birley. 4. Lady Egremont. 5. Miss Antonia Palmer. 6. Lord and Lady Herbert. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Barry Sainsbury. 8. Mrs. Dominic Elwes. 9. Sir Roy Harrod and Lady George Scott.



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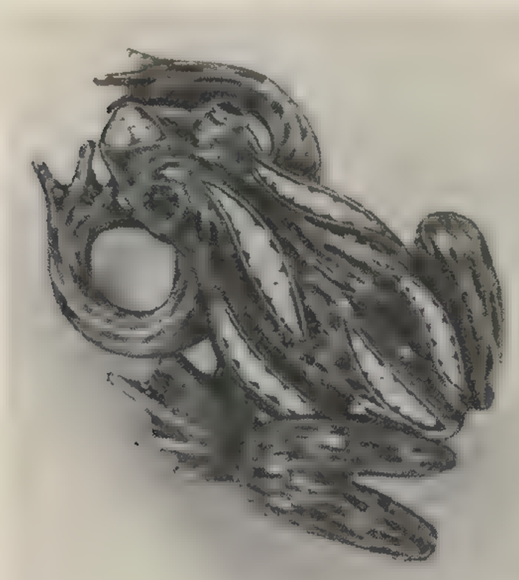
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VOGUE'S

Houston hoopla at the Museum of Fine Arts—for a Texas festival

Vervy, kinetic, this Museum Ball spurred a spate of galas for Houston's high-flying Festival of the Arts. Lights glanced off huge silver mobiles whirling from the ceiling of Cullinan Hall as guests danced to Ed Gerlach's band, piping mid-air on a jungle gym of tubed scaffolding. At a faster clip, The Bed Bugs, a disco group in nightshirts, played in another gallery off the garden. There, Eduardo Chillida's monumental rose-granite sculpture, "Abesti Gogora V," awaited an afternoon unveiling. Deep in the arts, Texans celebrated with opera, symphony, and ballet their new Jesse H. Jones Hall for



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NOTEBOOK

the Performing Arts, a dazzle of travertine pillars, sheet glass, red plush, and teak. In Houston, space may be outer, but the arts are in. 1. Silvery, light-struck, the ball at The Museum of Fine Arts. 2. Mr. James Johnson Sweeney, director of the museum, and Mrs. John de Menil. 3. Mrs. George Francisco, III; Mr. Macrery B. Wheeler; Mr. Lorenz W. Stolz. 4. Mr. Lawrence Marcus and Mrs. Richard Colt. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mosbacher. 6. Mr. Marvin Singer and Miss Andrea Dixon. 7. Mrs. Natasha Rawson and Captain James A. Lovell, command pilot of the Gemini XII. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Masterson. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. McMurrey. 10. Mrs. John W. Mecom, junior; Mrs. Ford Hubbard, junior; Mrs. Marc Moldower.



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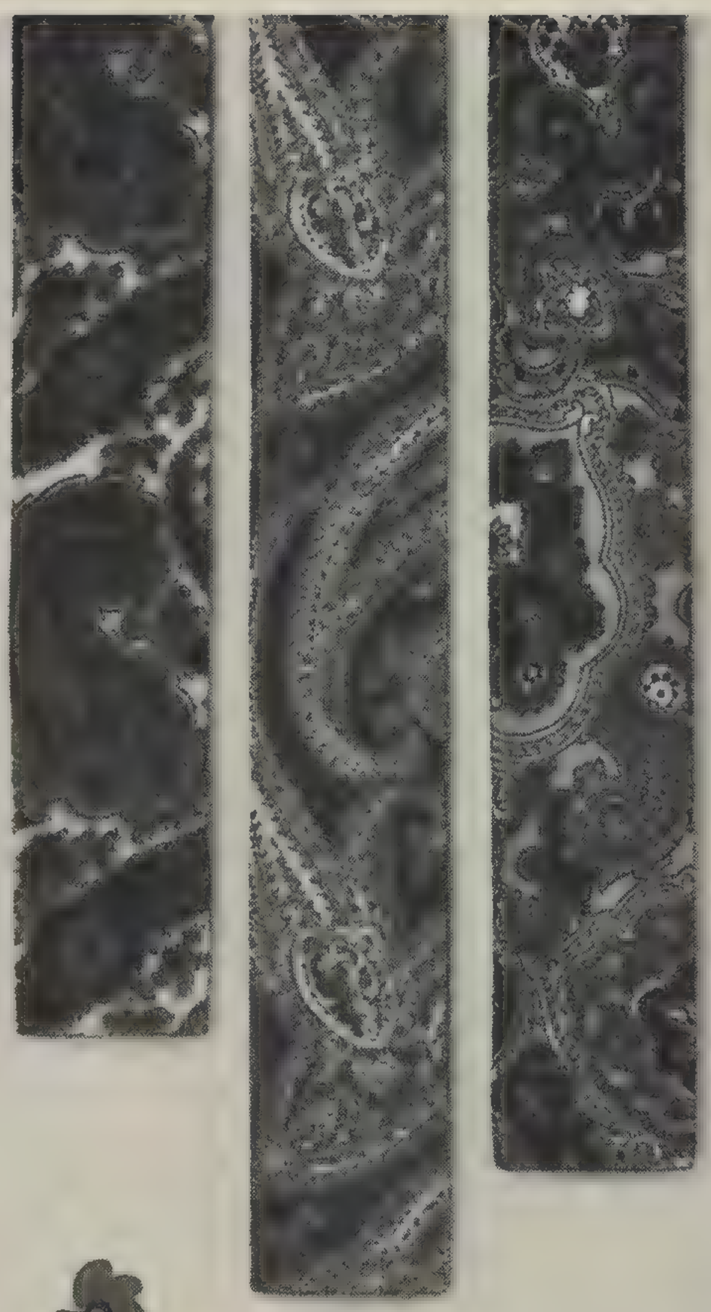


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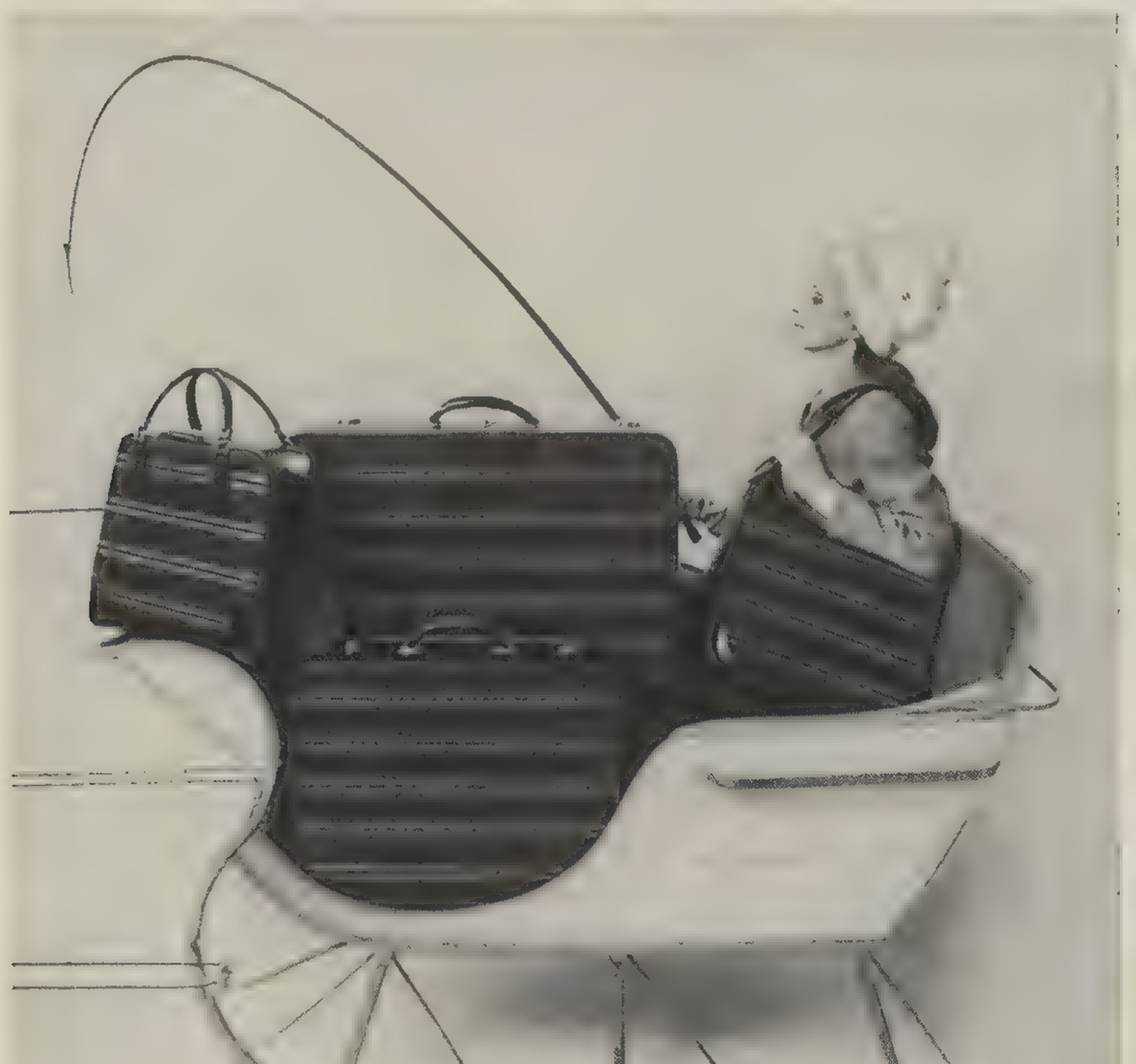
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VOGUE'S

The magical midnight ball at Palazzo Volpi in Venice

Midnight, Venice, and "as from the stroke of the enchanter's wand," Palazzo Volpi blazed with light, heraldic banners fell from balustrades, and the palace opened to guests in launches and gondolas sliding up the Grand Canal. It was the yearly Venetian ball of Contessa Natalie Volpi di Misurata, a magnet for friends who came from all over Europe. Candlelit, flowered all in white, the ballroom seemed a fantasy from Lampedusa's *The Leopard* as beauties, their hair coiled in jewels, their pale dresses sweeping marble floors beneath gilded ceilings, danced romantically to strings. (When the British-beat band took over, so did the jerk.) Of almost mediaeval abundance, a buffet was served by liveried footmen, who later brought on that reviving peasant dish, *pasta e*



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NOTEBOOK

fagioli. As the sun shimmered down on the glassy lagoon, guests reluctantly ended what one Roman called "the most terrific ball Italy has seen in years."

1. The great ballroom of Palazzo Volpi. 2. Donna Annemarie Aldobrandini, the daughter of Contessa Natalie Volpi di Misurata, with T. M. the former King Simeon and the Queen of Bulgaria. 3. Signor Federico Forquet and Donna Allegra Caracciolo. 4. Vicomtesse de Nanteuil. 5. M. Jacques Chazot and Signora Gina Lollobrigida. 6. Vicomtesse de Ribes and Mr. Gore Vidal. 7. Mme. Taki Theodoracopulos with Conte Giovanni Volpi di Misurata. 8. Palazzo Volpi on the Grand Canal, with guests leaving the ball by motor launch.



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VOGUE'S

A high-spirited salute to Spain from St. Louis—a ball and a Spanish Pavilion

St. Louisans flew the red and yellow colours of Spain at this party capping the most simpatico conquest of St. Louis, Missouri, by Spaniards since 1770, when Carlos de Hault de Lassus ruled it as a frontier post. From Madrid, from Washington, from St. Louis, four hundred guests gathered at the Bel Air East where white candles glowed beneath murals of Castilian castles, and Russ David's band blared the paso doble. The show was fashion: the collections of four Spanish designers shown around a tiered fountain massed in red roses. Celebrating the Spanish Pavilion and benefitting the Missouri Historical Society, this "Night in Spain" ranked, too, as the plum of a cornucopia of delights—all Spanish, all part of a high-spirited 1966 salute to Spain from



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NOTEBOOK

the city of St. Louis. 1. At the party, guests watching the Rodriguez collection; here a bride and her attendants. 2. Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke; Mr. J. A. Baer, II; Mrs. Charles Parson Pettus. 3. H. R. H. Prince Alfonso de Borbon, Marquesa de Merry del Val. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Yalem. 5. H. E. Angier Biddle Duke, United States Ambassador to Spain; Mrs. William H. Charles. 6. Mrs. James W. Symington, junior; Mrs. F. Russell Fetté. 7. Mrs. Alfonso J. Cervantes, Mr. Julian Miller. 8. H. E. Marques de Merry del Val, Spanish Ambassador to the United States; Mrs. Joseph G. Werner. 9. The Hon. Alfonso J. Cervantes, Mayor of St. Louis; Mrs. J. A. Baer, II. 10. Mr. Lawrence Carp; Mrs. Stuart Symington, junior; Mr. Michael Newton.



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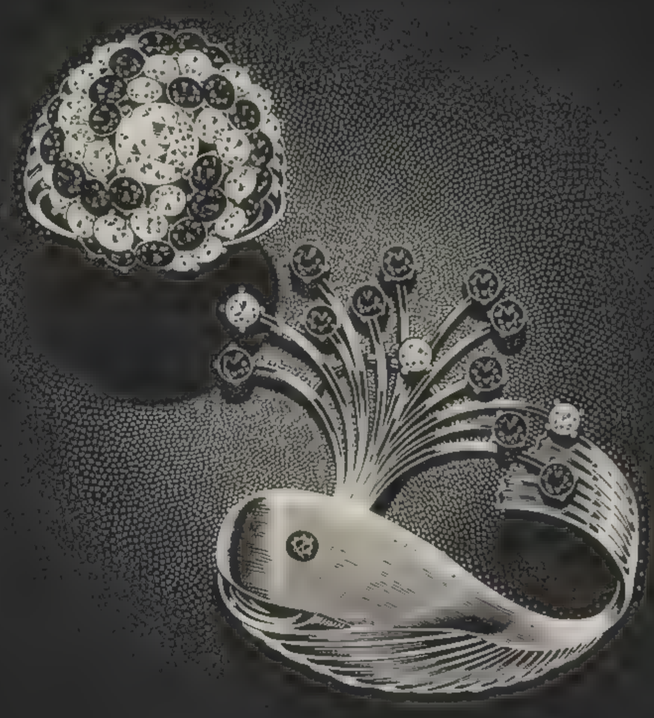


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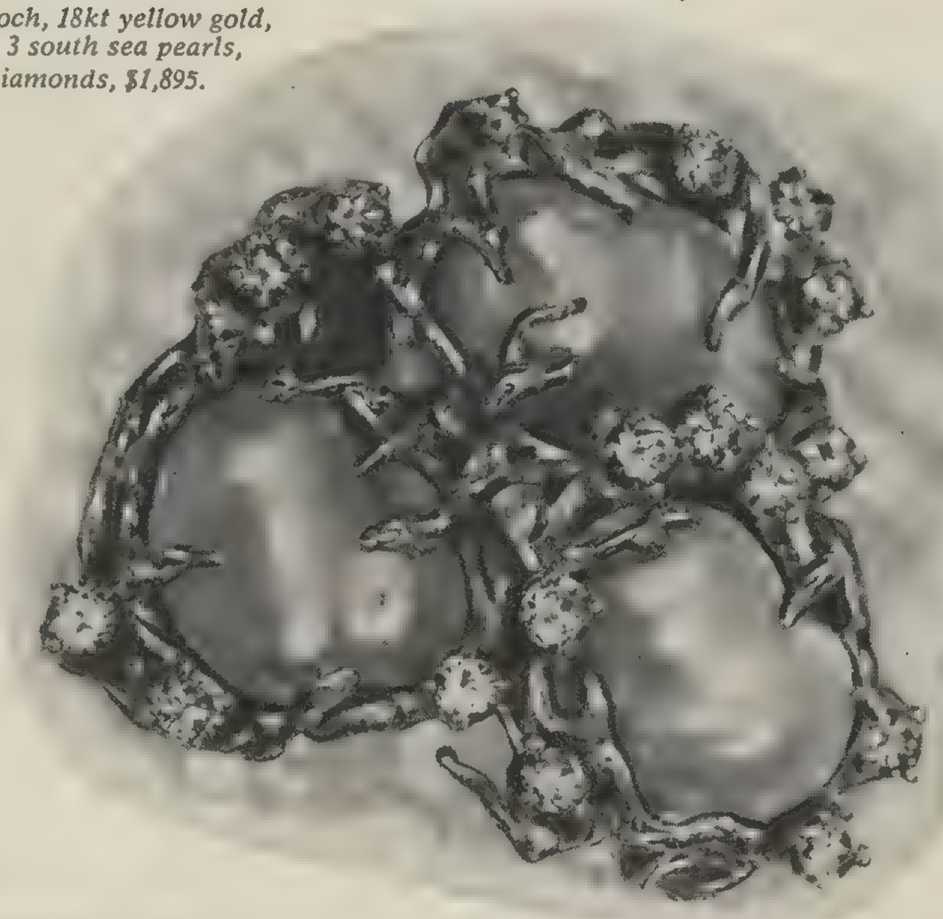
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Ceremonies for the Spanish Pavilion moved from New York to St. Louis

(Continued from page 159)

1



Dignitaries, a whir of speeches, and bright sunlight marked the noon ceremonies when the Spanish Ambassador presented the cornerstone for the new Spanish Pavilion to the Mayor of St. Louis. A jewel of Granada, this honey-coloured slab of granite, hewn in 1504 for the tomb of Queen Isabella, was sent as a gift from the Spanish government. "A cornerstone of these Americas . . . a relic of unlimited historical and sentimental value," said the Marques de Merry del Val of this cornerstone for the Spanish Pavilion. Brought from the New York World's Fair, the Pavilion will become, with its theatre, restaurants, and exhibition halls, a pivotal cultural centre of St. Louis. 1. Officials at the dedication ceremony. 2. H.R.H. Prince Alfonso de Borbon with the United States Ambassador to Spain and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke. 3. The Hon. Alfonso J. Cervantes, Mayor of St. Louis, with the Spanish Ambassador to the United States, Don Alfonso de Merry del Val.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By ANTHONY WEST

The Alchemist, "*gropings in the dark*"

Though the direction at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center appeared to have touched bottom with last season's production of *The Caucasion Chalk Circle*, it has managed to plumb new depths of tasteless vanity by opening this winter's program with an attempt to put fresh life into Ben Jonson's comedy *The Alchemist*, by playing it in the style and manner of that great transvestite classic *Charley's Aunt*.

Mr. Jules Irving, faced with the problem of putting on a superbly written piece that only wants playing straight down the line of its author's intentions to show itself as one of the finest sustained comic inventions in the history of the English theatre, has had the bright idea of building his production around the sophomoric clownings of Michael O'Sullivan. The sight of this actor, fresh from his dubious triumphs in a leaden musical that was a send-up of a dated comic strip, swishing about, mugging and camping to beat the band, as if he were covering for a weak book, while line after marvellous line of Jonson's text is thrown away, is an exceedingly dismal one. So, too, is that of Aline MacMahon inexplicably filling a rôle written for a man, and of Nancy Marchand, all elegance and intelligence, attempting the earthy animality of Dol Common and gabbling at breakneck speed to prove that she is no lady.

For a time it looks as if Mr. Irving has had the malign intention of making the out-of-town amateurs forming the rest of the cast look good by teaming them up with the inept Mr. O'Sullivan and these outrageously miscast Broadway professionals. But this theory has to be abandoned when Mr. Philip Bosco turns up in the third act, playing Lovewit as Jonson wrote the part, speaking beautifully, and handling himself and his weapons with perfect discipline and grace. This one stroke of luck reveals that the whole appalling mess is the result of the amateurish gropings in the dark of a director who simply lacks the sense of responsibility and of the theatrical needed to sustain a production on this scale in a professional theatre.

The Apple Tree, "*a distressing waste*"

The Apple Tree at the Shubert Theater is a singular aberration on the part of Mike Nichols, who has chosen to present as "a new musical" an exceedingly dull revue pared down to three overblown and long-drawn-out sketches.

The first, strike one, is an adaptation of Mark Twain's flat-footed and sentimental "The Diary of Adam and Eve." The less said of it the better.

The second, strike two, is based on a gimmicky story by Frank R. Stockton, turning on a question of feminine psychology. A passionate and imperious woman, a princess in one of those old kingdoms they used to have way back in ancient times, finds herself faced with the following problem. Her lover has been torn from her. He has been put in a pit with two doors leading into it. Behind one there is a tiger, and if he opens that he gets eaten. Behind the other there is a woman, and if he opens that he has to marry her. The princess knows what is behind which door, and can tip her lover off. Which door will she tell him to open?

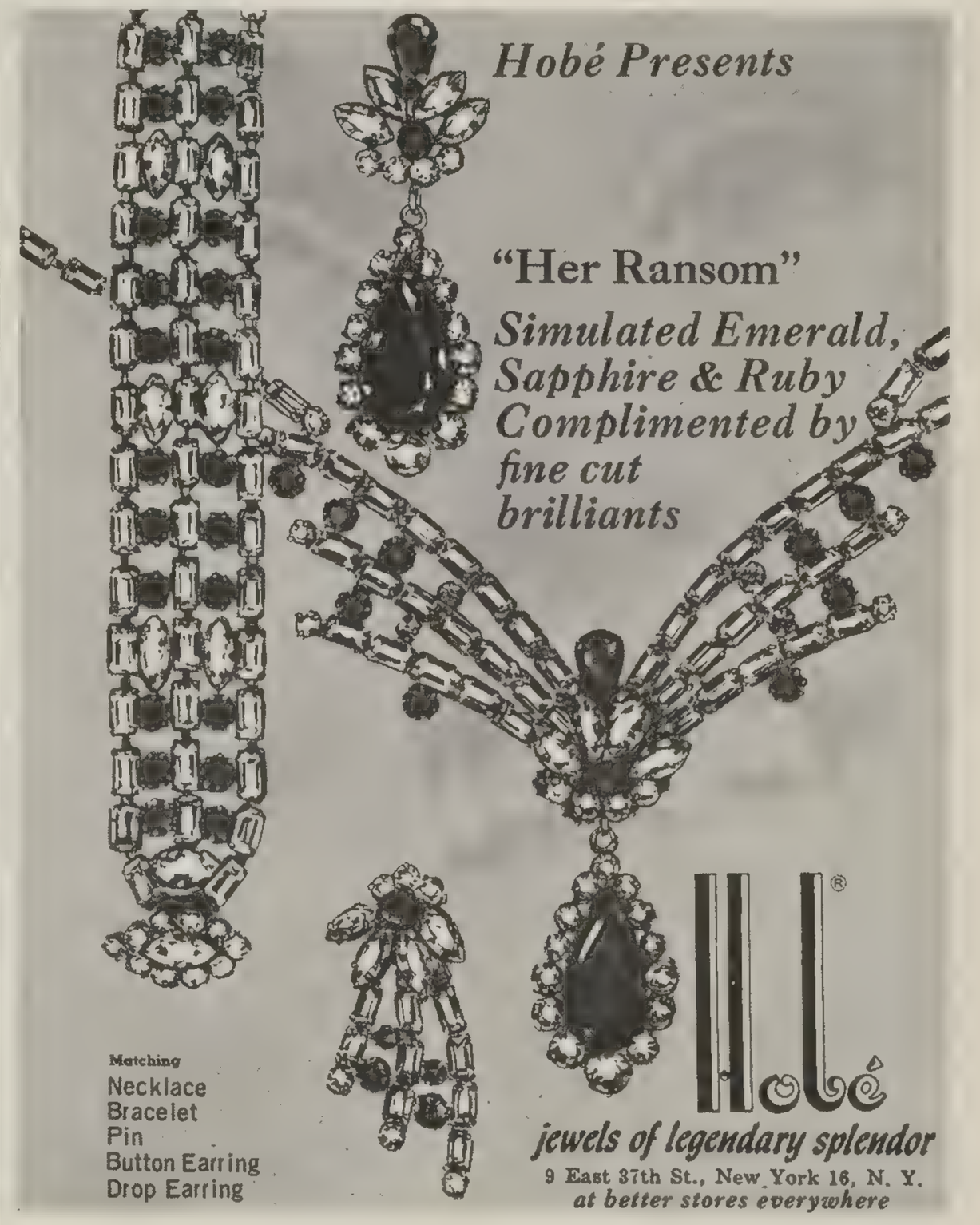
The third sketch, strike three, is a dramatization of one of Mr. Jules Feiffer's comic strips for adults: The one called "Passionella" that was a send-up of the Marilyn Monroe legend so far as it was anything except a piece of cuteness. The whole affair is a distressing waste of the talents of Barbara Harris and Alan Alda.



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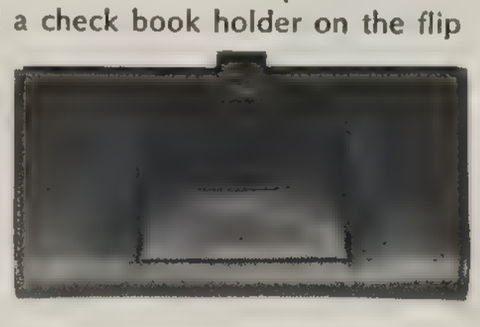


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

TRAVEL

By DESPINA MESSINESI

Turkey: its surprises—rough, tough and magnificent

To photograph the twenty-six pages of fashion in Turkey for this issue, a Vogue team of six "worked at sunrise, scrambled over cliffs, slept in sleeping bags on rocks, and rode mules with wooden saddles. The girls were great sports, never complained," said Henry Clarke, Vogue's photographer. The girls he referred to were Vogue's fashion editor in Paris and the team leader, Susan Train, who also took the snapshots shown here and on the following pages, and two models: Antonia Boeckesteyn, Dutch, and Editha Dussler, German. The others were Olivier Echaudemaison, a French coiffeur from Alexandre's of Paris, and Nelson Hargreaves, the photographer's English assistant. Here, some facts about where and how they went.

Valley of Göreme

"Setting off from Ankara at about three in the afternoon in three cars, we reached Göreme at ten that night," said Susan Train. "In the enormous valley of Göreme, we stayed in one of the many villages, Ürgüp, at the Hotel Tusan. Each of the cell-like rooms—most with showers—had two beds with very hard pillows. The food supplies we had packed from Ankara were quite unnecessary. We abandoned the European cooking of the hotel for the delicious, inexpensive dishes served in a local restaurant.

"Possibly because we stayed longer than most tourists do, our evening walk after work, up and down the main street filled with shops, was a local attraction. At the end of five days, Antonia could have set up her own bazaar. Between shooting, we visited some of the chapels and cells which still have traces of Byzantine mosaics. At sittings, we climbed like mountain goats on cliffs which had no apparent hand- or foothold. Our two invaluable chauffeurs —Mustafa and Bakir—would appear with a bunch of grapes at exactly the right moment or would offer a helping hand when cameras and clothes were about to slide down a ravine."

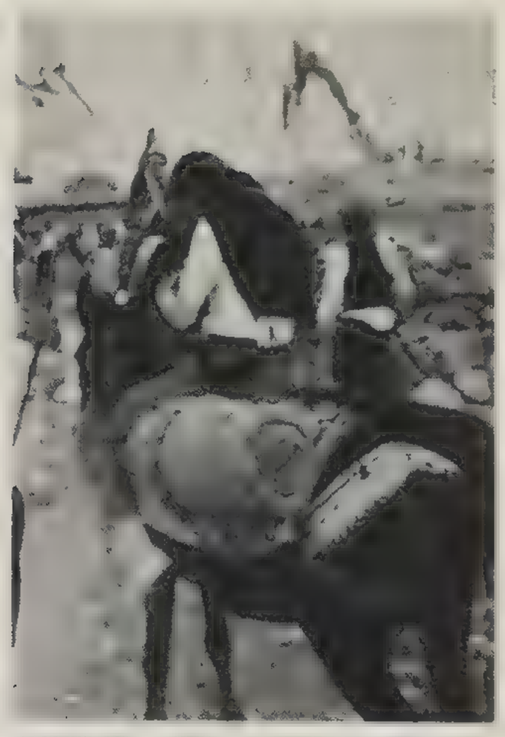


LIKE MOUNTAIN GOATS

EDITHA AND OLIVIER



Nemrud Dagh: great archaeological finds



ANTONIA ON A MULE

"Nemrud Dagh was rough, tough, and magnificent. The people were so kind and helpful, it brought tears," said Henry Clarke. "We followed the directions of Miss Goell; everything worked." Theresa Goell is the Director of the American Excavations at Nemrud Dagh and was personally responsible for the discovery of the colossal monuments there.

Happily for Vogue, Miss Goell was in New York when the Nemrud Dagh trip was being planned and helped enormously with the arrangements. She wrote to the various ministries and village officials to advise them of Vogue's photographic project. Miss Goell's invaluable directions to the team began: "Fly to Malatya. Go to police for cars and drivers for the six-hour ride to Adiyaman. Pay respects to Governor. Drive on to Eskikâhta. Have drivers wait while you climb up the mountain. Ask for mules. Arrange for bread, food—there are none at Nemrud Dagh, nor any shelter."



MULE TRAIN TO NEMRUD DAGH

"As none of us had ever camped out," continued Susan Train, "we spent one day in Ankara getting outfitted. I borrowed sleeping bags, pots, knives, and forks from the hotel, bought jerricans of water. We each took only the clothes we wore on our backs, plus one extra sweater. All the rest of the luggage was cameras and clothes to be photographed. When we took off for Malatya dressed in jeans and suède jackets, we could have been mistaken for refugees."

After an overnight stay at Malatya and a seven o'clock departure the next morning, the team, parched and whitened by dust, reached Adiyaman at noon. "Following Miss Goell's directions, we called immediately on the Governor who had laid on three Jeeps for us," reported Henry Clarke. "The Jeeps followed us to Kâhta, and after lunching in the town's only restaurant, we shifted to Jeeps for the final stretch to Eskikâhta. We had definitely seen the last of anything resembling a road."

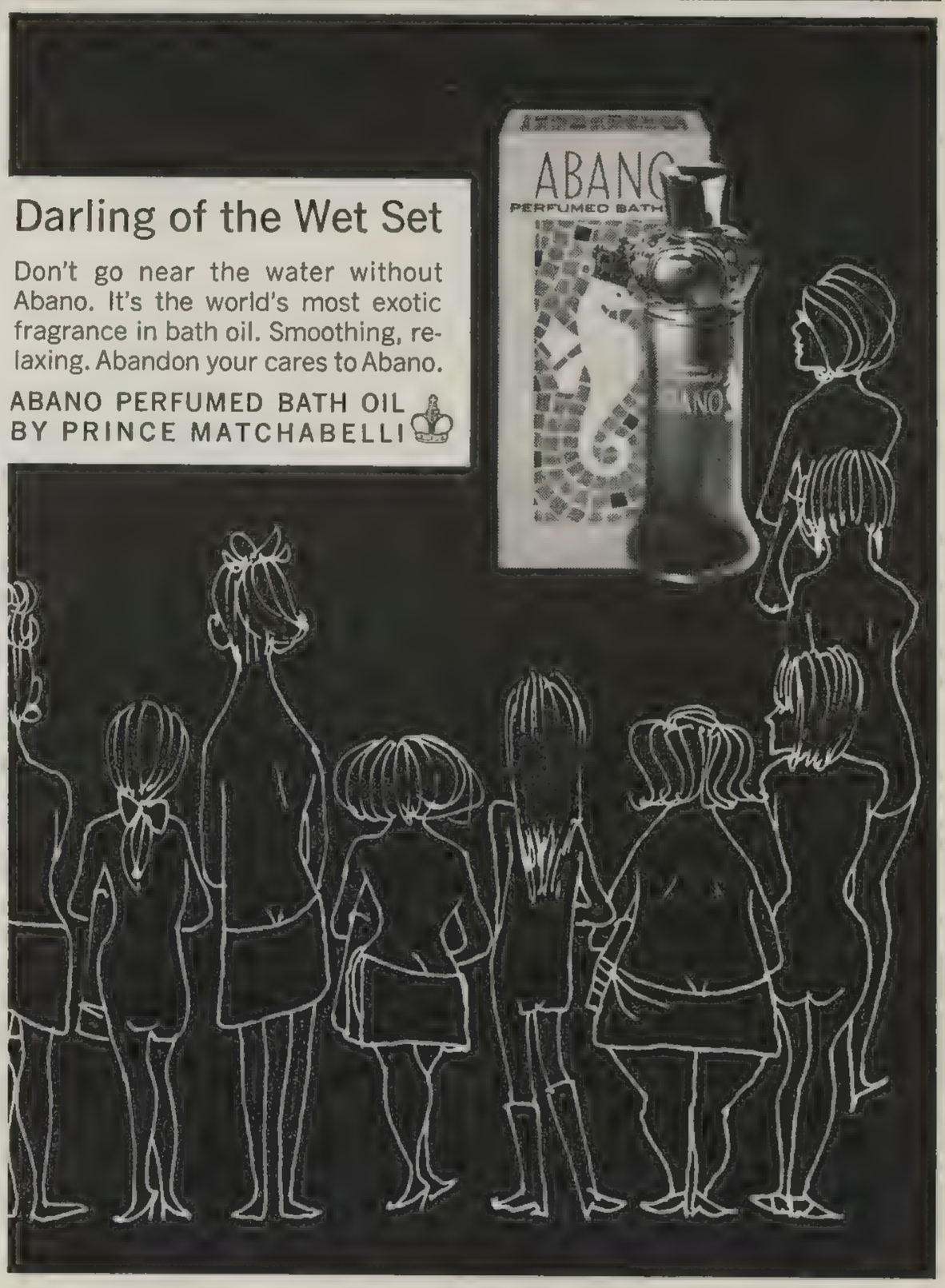
SHOOTING THE GREAT HEAD



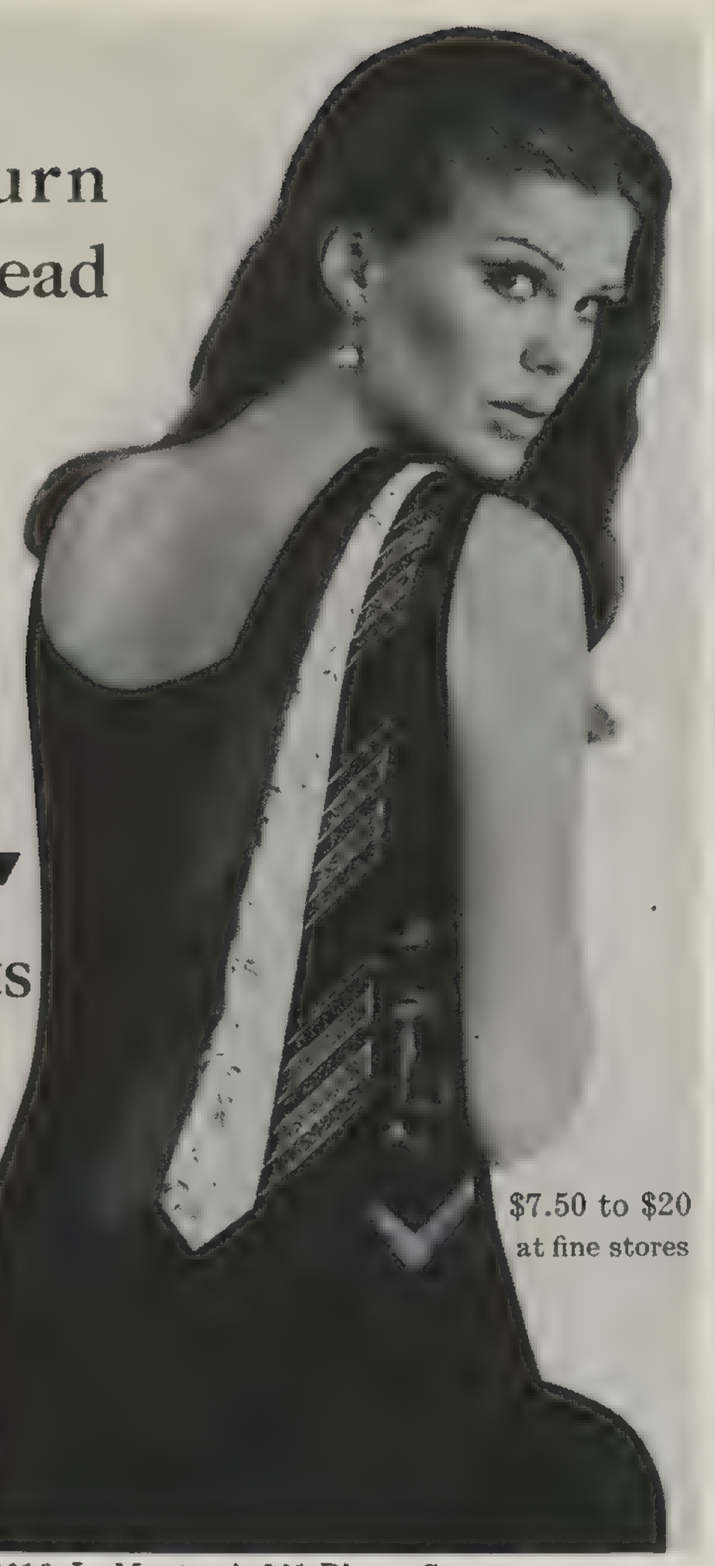
"At Eskikâhta, we negotiated for mules. We finally rounded up ten: seven for us, and three for the baggage," added Susan Train. "At about five-thirty, we hoisted ourselves on the wooden saddles hung with

(Continued on next page)





enough to turn
a woman's head



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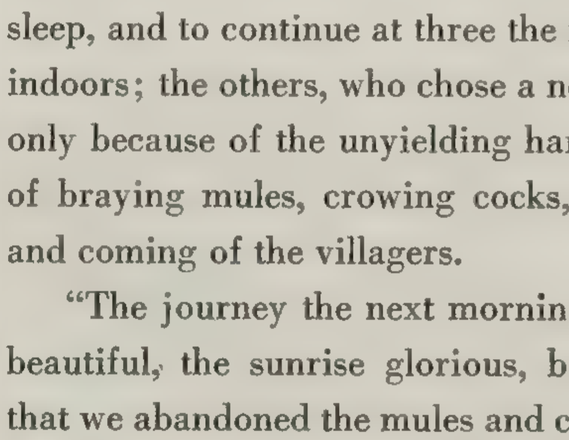
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Turkey

(Continued from preceding page)

bundles, our legs spraddled as if for a split; our feet dangling—no stirrups—our hands clutching the saddle—no reins. Amidst the shrieks of Antonia who had been on a horse only once (not that what we were doing in any way resembled horseback riding) we started off for Nemrud Dagh guided by the mule drivers walking beside us.



EDITHA SLEPT LATE

"We clawed, slipped, and slid our way up," explained Susan Train. "There was no path, only rocks, rocks, and more rocks. Some two hours later, we tottered into the house of the Nemrud Dagh guardian. There, we all agreed to have something to eat, to sleep, and to continue at three the next morning. Some of us slept indoors; the others, who chose a nearby rooftop, hardly slept, not only because of the unyielding hardness of the roof, but because of braying mules, crowing cocks, barking dogs, and the going and coming of the villagers.

"The journey the next morning by moonlight was incredibly beautiful, the sunrise glorious, but the going became so steep that we abandoned the mules and continued on foot. At last, at the top of the mountain—over eight thousand feet high—we saw the great heads! And that is all there was, nothing else—no shade, no water, and practically no shelter. Among the few walls which once were rooms, one area became a dressing room, another, which had a fireplace, a kitchen. I hung the clothes on a rock. Luckily, they were not wrinkled. Even if they had been, I couldn't have done anything about it.

"Although it was only eight in the morning, Henry Clarke found the light too strong for photography, so we spent the time huddled in the slight shade of a rock. The mule drivers watched with fascination as the models began making up their faces. We worked from three to six, at which time the sun disappeared. After a supper cooked over an open fire, feeling grimy and exhausted, we rolled into our sleeping bags. Except for Editha who slept late the next morning, the rest of us woke with the sun, aching in every muscle from sleeping on the rocks and from the mule ride.



CLOTHES FOR NEMRUD DAGH

"The descent in the blazing noon sun was worse than the ascent. Even the mules seemed to slither down on their haunches. In Kâhta, the seats in the waiting cars felt to us like eiderdown.

"When my car arrived in Adiyaman (our cars travelled at some distance apart to escape each other's clouds of dust), I found the others standing dazed on the main street. Antonia had in her arms a puppy which had apparently straggled over to her. 'What can I do?' asked Antonia. So now we were seven. We named the dog Adiyaman.

"During the long wait for the plane from Malatya to Ankara, the men went to the local baths. When they returned, I hardly recognized the beardless, pink faces," wrote Susan Train.

In Ankara, Henry Clarke shipped to New York the masses of films he had shot. Susan Train sent on to Istanbul the cases with clothes already photographed. She repacked for the next photographic objective —Pamukkale. Meanwhile Antonia took the puppy to the vet who gave it a clean bill of health, plus vitamins, calcium, and flea powder and the necessary certificates for travel. The hairdresser, Olivier, said, "I think she's going to be a sheep dog." His guess was as good as anyone's.

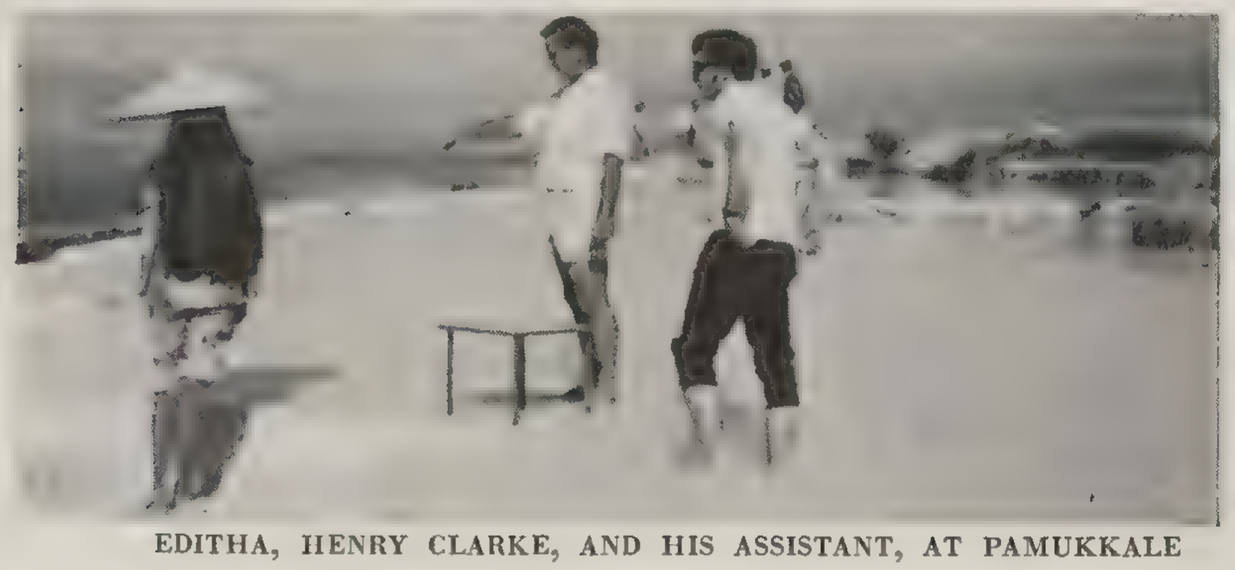


CHAIR, HATS, DRESSES

Pamukkale: milky-white cliffs and pale pools

From Ankara, the team drove directly to Pamukkale, rather than wait for the late flight to Izmir. On this last stretch, besides the cameras and cases of dresses, the luggage included a Plexiglas chair shipped all the way from Paris and designed by Emmanuelle Khanh's husband, Quasar.

"Pamukkale," said Henry Clarke, "with its pale pools and milky white cliffs was extraordinary. We could shoot only at day-



EDITHA, HENRY CLARKE, AND HIS ASSISTANT, AT PAMUKKALE

break and at sundown. The rest of the day, we soaked in the warm, natural spring pools."

"The Tusan Motel with balconied rooms in bungalows was attractive, the food better than we had expected," commented Susan Train. "We all began to feel human again. On our last evening, the motel served us a special Turkish dinner and an enormous cake with 'Vogue' written on it.

"Driving back to Izmir to board the plane for Istanbul, we lunched at Meryem Ena, the town where the Virgin Mary was supposed to have spent her last years. Then we drove to the Roman ruins of Ephesus. Not to be missed: the small museum full of treasures. After the usual long wait at the airport, we finally boarded the flight for Istanbul. When we entered the Hilton, it was like arriving in paradise."

ANTONIA AND ADIYAMAN



"Last on the agenda," said Henry Clarke, "the rooftops of the harem at Topkapi with plenty of sky at late day." And that is precisely what he photographed last.



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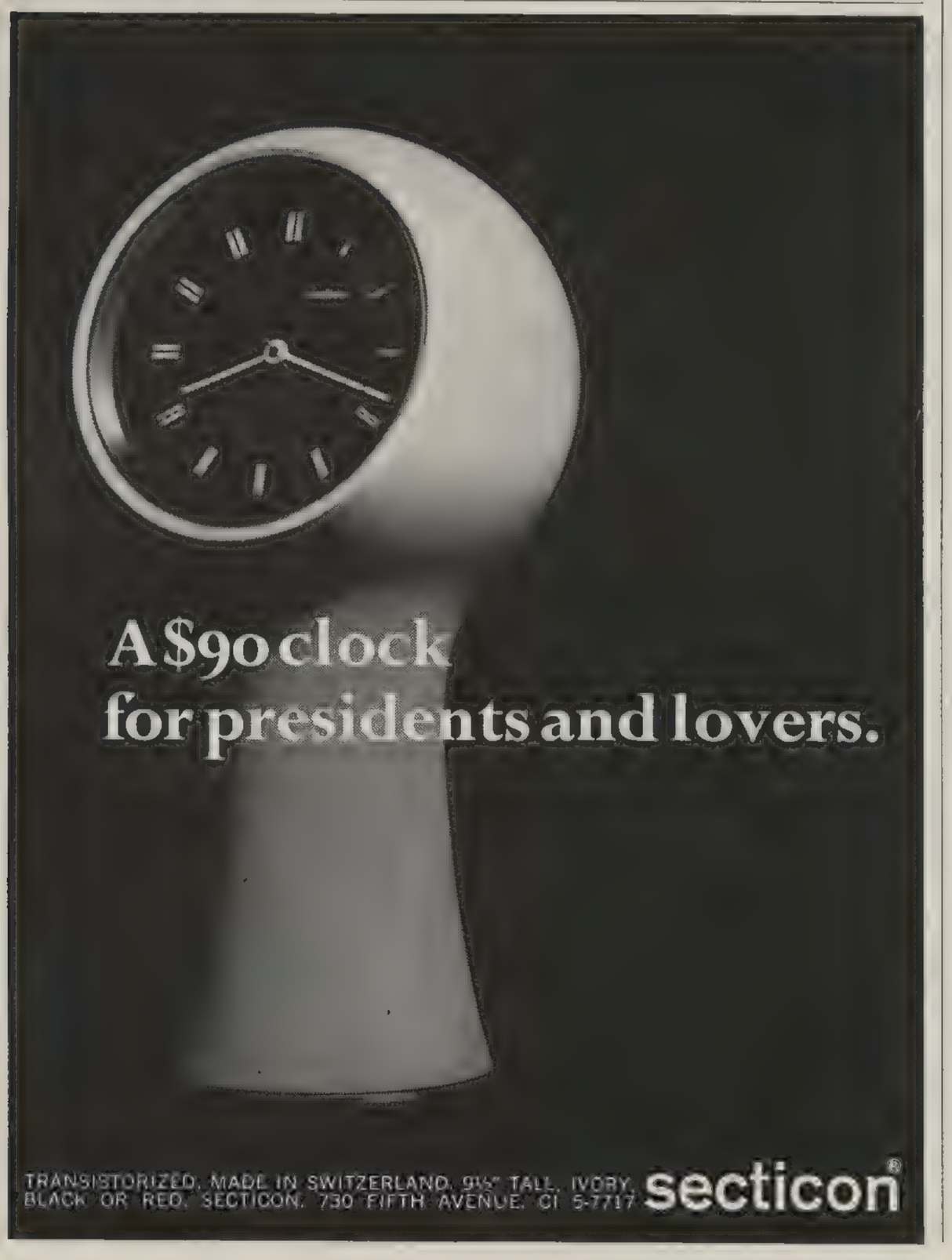
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum, "excellent rowdy fun"

George Jean Nathan once called farce "comedy in its cups." While one sees his point, the emphasis is somehow wrong. For farce is drunk and disorderly only on the surface. Internally it is tightly designed and controlled, proceeding from dilemma to resolution like an algebraic equation. The aesthetic pleasure comes from the precise dovetailing of fortuities—the mistaken identities, the double entendres, the rush of entrances and exits, dives under beds, and leaps into closets—and the resulting tension between the visible confusion and the underlying rationality. The farce is an art form almost as strict as the sonnet.

These grave reflections are induced by the arrival of the film versions of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and *Hotel Paradiso*. One is a contemporary American farce, the other a classic French farce; but on the stage both developed their predicaments rapidly and wittily within the tradition, and both were terribly funny. They are funny as films, too. Yet something has clearly happened on the way to the movies.

Richard Lester, to whom the world is indebted for the Beatle pictures, directs *A Funny Thing* with his customary verve and imagination. Still, one detects a certain nervousness before the stage script, as if he were compulsively determined to keep things moving at all costs. The jump cuts and zany camera angles threaten to become exasperations.

Then there is the current conviction that a movie comedy is unconstitutional if it does not have a chase as the climax. On the stage *A Funny Thing* concluded in a sequence of sublime and logical disarray, with three characters, each dressed as the same innocent young maiden, adrift in a house filled with amorous men. In the movie it concludes much less effectively in a chariot race. This dénouement is not only panting and obvious; it violates the geometry of the farce.

The realism of the camera also burdens the mood. When Zero Mostel complained on the stage about being a slave, it was pure comedy, stylized and unreal. In the film, the close-up exposes that great vulnerable face, and slavery suddenly becomes a slightly uneasy theme for laughter. Or maybe all humour is black humour now. Still, Mostel, Jack Clifford, and Phil Silvers are all splendidly comic, though the great Buster Keaton is wasted on a silly rôle; and the whole thing remains excellent rowdy fun.

Hotel Paradiso, "fallen soufflé"

Hotel Paradiso survives the transition from stage to screen less well than *A Funny Thing*. The director evidently does not understand what farce is all about—as proved by the irritating whimsy of introducing Georges Feydeau, co-author of the original play, to wander about the film and observe its incidents, a device which sees farce as the transcription rather than the geometrization of life and reduces it to television comedy. There is the obligatory chase, once again at the expense of dramatic symmetry, this time with gendarmes decked out more or less as Keystone Cops. Those who remember Bert Lahr's stunning performance in New York will find Alec Guinness graceful but pallid in the leading rôle. The blame for this fallen soufflé is hardly a matter of debate: Peter Glenville was not only the producer, the director, and the co-author of the screen play but also, no doubt at the insistence of the producer, the director, and the co-author, the actor who plays M. Feydeau.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By JEAN STAFFORD

The Territorial Imperative,

"engaging, horrifying, comic examples"

Until the nineteen thirties, zoologists in their discussion of evolution fixed their attention on the morphology and physiology of organisms, leaving behaviour largely out of account; and psychologists gave experience precedence over instinct. Now, according to Robert Ardrey, in his engrossing and often irritating book, *The Territorial Imperative* (Atheneum), "biology is in general agreement today that it is behaviour—such behaviour as territory, or the manner in which an animal evades predators—that determines whether bodily characters have selective advantages or not." The natural sciences, like the physical sciences, have admitted a fourth dimension into their consideration (hypothetical time on the one hand, on the other, time as remembered history) and argue that creatures as small as the brainless planarian worm and as great as man "carry certain patterns inherited from ancient days."

The new biology, whose authors are Konrad Lorenz of Austria and Niko Tinbergen of Holland, is known as "ethology," and it is concerned with those innate forces that determine sorts of societies and the survival and prosperity of species. Mr. Ardrey concludes that it is the possession and defense of private property, not love, that rules the world; the "territorial imperative" is a force older than sex. Bird song is not an expression of joie de vivre but a warning to interlopers to stay off the premises; in most territorial species, the female is sexually attracted to the landed male and remains unmoved by the unpropertied. Given a choice, she will seek out the occupant of superior holdings.

From slime mould to chimpanzees, Ardrey examines varieties of social organization and likens them to man-made structures: Or, rather, it is the other way around—in the social orders of lower animals, he finds the armatures of human systems. There is benevolent despotism among gorillas, oligarchy in the belligerent baboons, and in the smooth-billed ani, which belongs to the cuckoo family, a kind of communism. There are three needs, he argues, that must be satisfied to perfect the territorial imperative psychologically; these are security, stimulation, and identity.

Security is provided by the heartland, maintained and communally guarded; stimulation is found at the borders which may be threatened by marauders; and finally, the creature establishes his identity within the group by seeking out his individual perch in a tree or on a rock.

It is when Mr. Ardrey departs from his observations of animal behaviour and applies the manners and eccentricities and, indeed, the morality of the animal to the human condition that one begins to feel uneasy. Up to a point, his parallels are illuminating and acceptable, but his dicta (and very often they are dicta rather than propositions) on politics or national character are airily jocose, as in his summary of Italy, or personal and dogmatic as in his assessment of Zionism and the war in Viet Nam.

On the whole, he is innocent of most of the sins of popularizers and his mind is nimble, his wit is adroit, his information is impressive when he is dealing with birds and fish and mice and monkeys and deer; and while one does not question the probability that our instinctual heritage is similar (may, in fact, be identical) to that of primitive species, it is difficult to accept as absolute all of his equations. If the book is read as a compendium of engaging, horrifying, comic examples of conduct in the natural world, then it is fascinating; but if it is to be looked on as the revelation of the ur-ethos, the mind's eye blurs.

furs Neustadter

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Crane's
FINE PAPERS

DRESS BY CHRISTIAN DIOR, NEW YORK





Beauty Checkout

(Continued from page 96)

Beauty Register: on the ski slopes

gloss." . . . *Mme. Sacha Distel,* former ski champion of France: "My real preparation is heavy Vitamin C, starting fifteen days pre-ski. Augments resistance to cold. I use a Swiss cover cream to camouflage black and blue marks acquired on legs. After several hours on skis, I take a hot bath with loads of vinegar and coarse red salt; perfect for swollen ankles." . . . *Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes,* whose skiing winter begins in Austria at St. Anton, continues at St. Moritz before Christmas, resumes at St. Anton in February, goes on to Easter at Zermatt: "I ski from eleven to four without luncheon because of big breakfast, return to a bath, a tea with an egg or some meat; listen to some records, then nap for an hour flat on my back with a cushion under the nape of the neck." . . . *Mme. Pierre Fabre,* Paris journalist and music critic: "No spectacles with glass in them, but a visor with interchangeable plastic so colour can change with fog or sunshine. Best trick I know: cover your face with yoghurt for entire night. Wear a very greasy lip rouge and carry a mineral-water spray to refresh your face immediately on returning from slopes." . . . *Mrs. Yul Brynner,* who lives in Switzerland: "100% against sun on my face. So I put the thickest possible layer of skin-colour cream on my face. From early March, I put over my face a man's white handkerchief through which I have cut two holes for the eyes; hold it on by a pair of enormous Italian tortoiseshell goggles. I look like the Invisible Man." . . .

For Men Who Are Chary

The men we know who can't bring themselves to preserve their complexions at the expense of their dignity, who really worry about their images ("What would people think?" versus "How can I look my best?") now have a manly way out of their conflicts. Bloomingdale's has set up its own New York, non-alcoholic Harry's Bar, dispensing all sorts of men's cosmetics designed to keep the lads clear-headed and clear-skinned. Men who are convinced everything about grooming should be carried on in private can slip in through the Fifty-ninth Street door and take refuge by the dark wood counter-bar with its foresty-green leather undersides and brass rails (to bolster feet or uncertain egos). In the hollow of the bar, glass cases hold all sorts of useful and pleasant cosmetic and grooming things for men by such houses as Revlon, Arden, Estée Lauder, Guerlain, Givenchy, Fabergé, and Hermès. All purchases are slid into one of Bloomingdale's newest shopping bags—red stamped with a Falstaffian figure, whose beer-quaffing chubbiness is perhaps a clever way of suggesting that what can be had in Harry's Bar is so much better for the looks. . . .



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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



Watch what happens when John Fitch goes to town. All Mr. Fitch (left) has to do is hop into the brand-new Phoenix he designed (below), drive into Manhattan, to draw an admiring crowd (below left). They can't stay away from the mean, sleek, sable-brown sports car . . . want to know all about the air-cooled Corvair rear engine—the Landau top; the spare wheel nacelles on the fender; the retractable head lamps; the 130 MPH top speed; everything else about the car John Fitch, the former racing driver and G.M. design consultant, designed and sells for $8,700 through Don Allen Chevrolet in New York City . . . that price, incidentally, includes measuring you for the custom-positioned driver's seat . . . option to omit spare wheel nacelles.





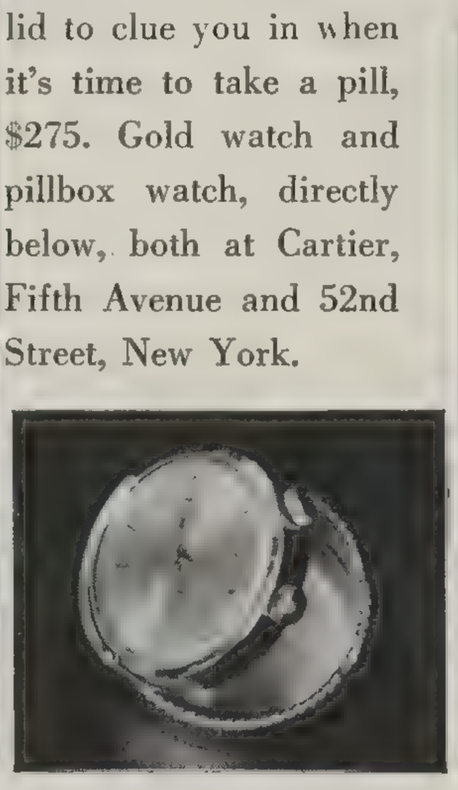
JACK ROBINSON

Paris and Milan: A joint venture by Emmanuelle Khanh, French designer for girls, and the dashing Milan fabrics man, Cerruti, who will start pronto production of handsome men's clothes expected to launch New Ideas for Men of Substance. ***Philadelphia: first on the list*** of thirty cities to see what's up in "The Lion's Den," Genesco's projected chain of shops for "sophisticated young executives" looking for town and country clothes in European styling. Suits, about $120, a double-breasted suède overcoat, $160, plus "the lot"—down to $6 jeans. Plans are to run the new store at 1710 Walnut Street "like a French bar—closed when the last customer leaves." ***New York:*** slickest way to weather the sleet . . . galoshes that look like shoes, right down to embossed shoestrings, are high enough to cover the shoes completely in thinnest possible glossy black rubber, weigh next to nothing, are the best looking ones around, cost $6 at Dunhill Tailors, 65 East 57th St.

On the cuff, in the pocket, on the wrist . . . places to watch for Christmas loot. For example: cuff links—the smaller the better, such as top left, a ruby-eyed gold fish half an inch long, or the gold and scarlet enamel twist—scarlet, grass green, royal blue, or white enamel—below left. Both, $145, both by Schlumberger of Tiffany; a watch, perhaps Cartier's new one, below right, a real $20 gold piece, a notched rim to indicate hours, with a sapphire stem, lizard strap, $900; or a sterling silver pillbox with a watch on the lid to clue you in when it's time to take a pill, $275. Gold watch and pillbox watch, directly below, both at Cartier, Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street, New York.









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Let the glamorous Frenchwoman tell you how it's done: having a cigar lit for you. "I always light my husband's cigar but it's an art. It must be lit with the flame of a candle or wood match, never a lighter. Hold the cigar over the flame to warm it all over—then hold the end over the flame to light it. Place the glowing end in your mouth, and blow out all the cold smoke in the opposite direction, then offer it to the man." Mme. Hervé Alphand speaking. . . .

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VOGUE'S

EYE VIEW: THE GIFT OF THE SEASONS



All on earth possess the gift of the seasons. An interior timer goes off to mark the four seasons. Bounty crowds us. Beauty revives us. We spill with generosity. The model is simply nature. Autumn: the brilliance of maple and oak leaves, of winy grapes. *(Continued)*

AUTUMN


WINTER



SPRING

THE FOUR SEASONS: DESIGNED ESPECIALLY
FOR VOGUE BY ELIZABETH ARDEN'S
TALENTED PABLO. (DETAILS ABOUT INGREDIENTS
ARE IN BEAUTY CHECKOUT THIS ISSUE.)
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PENN.



SUMMER

JEWELLED BEES
AND DRAGONFLY
BY CARTIER.



Gold-struck domes of Topkapi Sarai on the Bosphorus—the dreaded, dazzling, mysterious Seraglio of Turkish Sultans, where perfumed odalisques, guarded by ebony eunuchs, once languishingly awaited the Imperial whim of love—or murder.


ALLA
TURCA
THE ROMANTIC, DECADENT,
GRANDIOSE SERAGLIO
BY LESLEY BLANCH



ALLA TURCA



We know it as Istanbul; we think of it as Constantinople, that city of the Sultans which Byronic romanticism has imposed on us, where bulbuls, or nightingales, trill beside latticed kiosks along the Bosphorus and odalisques sip pomegranate sherbet or are cast into weighted sacks and drowned off Seraglio Point by ebony eunuchs brandishing scimitars, as dusk deepens to that ritual moment "when a black thread can not be distinguished from a white" and the call of the muezzin floats out from the minaret in the cypress grove.

And then, another echo sounds, from a further past, and we remember that once it was Byzantium, the hub of the world, where the Imperial princes were "born to the purple," in the Porphyry Room of the palace of the Palaeologi, and factions known as "the Blues and the Greens" howled for supremacy in the Hippodrome. But this glittering mosaic also fades; another image rises, something furtive, in the manner of an Eric Ambler thriller, all Balkan intrigue—the Orient Express and sudden death in a back street of Pera. . . . We flee, and find ourselves in the garish blare of Taxim's night life, hotels, offices, and the handsome new opera house, where neon lighting and traffic jams are part of Turkey's thrust forward to progress on international terms.

Contradiction or counterpoint are this city's keynote as it straddles a European and Asiatic shore. Here there is little of that continuity which characterizes the stern beauty of Seldjuk and pastoral Turkey, remote in the Asiatic hinterland. There is, rather, a shifting, kaleidoscopic quality, in mood, aspect, and climate, too. The saying that everyone carries his own Asia within him might be applied to Istanbul, for more than any other city, I fancy, it is interpreted by each of us in our own way, and lends itself to such variations.

For me, being of a romantic rather than a classic inclination, and disliking most modern manifestations, it must always be Ottoman Turkey, old Stamboul, that I seek out, and standing at the heart of the legends, at the Gate of Felicity, in the Seraglio, I evoke that mysterious world of intrigue, *volupté,* violence, and mystical veneration, where the unbridled license allowed one man—the Sultan—accompanied etiquette so rigid, so intricate that even furs had their hierarchic significance: lynx and a particular Russian black fox for the Sultan; ermine for the Kizla Agha, His Highness the Chief Black Eunuch; and so on, by way of sable, down the social scale to humbler pelts, making life at the Sublime Porte a costume drama, as well as a life and death struggle for power. Such rulings descended perhaps from Byzantium, where colours and the amount of gold or silver thread woven into stuffs dictated by whom they could be worn.

Yet these hierarchic principles were, in fact, based not only on despotism, but religion, too. It is sometimes overlooked that the Sultan, however self-indulgent, was also revered as a figure of profound spiritual significance, Padishah of the Faithful, Allah's Shadow on Earth, his dominion, at one time, stretching from the Sahara to Vienna. In the heart of the Seraglio there was, and still is, a most sacred shrine known as the Pavilion of the Mantle, containing the Prophet's cloak, his standard and sword, and his footprint on a stone. The Sultan was guardian of these and other relics before all Islam, and venerated on this score, as well as adulated and feared on others.

* * *

How beautiful the natural setting upon which this City of the Sultans flowered, set beside three waters, Marmara, Golden Horn, and Bosphorus. How beautiful the seven hills overlooking them, each hill crowned with great grey mosques, so sombre without, so glowing within. How beautiful their names: Süleymaniye, Nourosmaniye, Shehzade, and Rüstem Pasha. They sound softly, like the amber beads of a chaplet slipping through the fingers. How evocative, how melancholy the magic of this city; how strong a spell it casts.

I have known it for many many years, and love it in all its many moods, although some aspects are detestable. It is like some Oriental sweetmeat (often so provocatively named, "Beauty's Lips" or "Lady's Navel"); layer upon layer of flavours alternately honeyed, bitter, (Continued on page 265)

Magnificent, in plumed turban and gold-threaded royal robes, the sixteenth-century Sultan Selim II, right, *is shown shooting arrows handed him by a sloe-eyed retainer in this manuscript painting by Reis Haydar. (From* Treasures of Turkey, *published by Skira.)* Above left, *menacing, massive, the iron lock of the carved portals which forever barred the Sultan's harem to the outside world. "My heart bleeds. I am defenseless. Help me!" scratched one desperate concubine on a palace wall.* Left, *the dark, rain-wet Courtyard of the Black Eunuchs, powerful sentries of the harem slaves.*



MANUEL LITRAN



ALLA TURCA

The Royal apartments, wonders of glazed tiles, whispering fountains, and silken-carpeted divans, encased intimate splendour in relaxed, detailed extravagance. In the alcove, above, *each mother of a Sultan always held court for her favourites of the harem and there heard readings of the Koran.* Left above, *peerless azure and peacock-blue ceramics and a blaze of golden canopies in the bedroom of Murad III, a sixteenth-century Sultan who is supposed to have sired one hundred and twelve children.* Left below, *rare, pale roses in a painted niche of the Seraglio.*

EASTWARD TO EDEN

PARADISE FOUND IN THE SUNNY SECRET REACHES OF TURKEY.... 26 PAGES OF NEW RESORT FASHIONS PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY CLARKE

Adventure: eastward through Turkey. To the edge of the Euphrates. To the very rim of the Fertile Crescent where civilization began. . . . A voyage of fulfillment for the imagination, already drawn to the Near East by fashions garnered from Asia Minor—the chalwars, spahis, and babouches which have brought a thousand and one nights of Turquerie to America and Europe and touched off a desire to see the wonders of Turkey itself. . . . The land of Troy and Byzantium where the empires of Hittites, Phrygians, Lydians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, and Mongols waxed and waned before the enduring rule of the Ottoman Turks; the country where St. Paul preached the Gospel; where Saladin fought Richard Coeur de Lion and then served him sherbet cooled with mountain snow; the European promontory of Asia where armies and cultures clashed and mingled century after century, and where once stood two of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World: the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus and the Tomb of King Mausolus at Halicarnassus. . . . Today, archaeological spadework is bringing to light an unsuspected wealth of treasures from the Anatolian past; only last year, the earliest paintings ever discovered on buildings were unearthed at Çatal Huyuk—giant hunting scenes of bulls and panthers covering the unbaked clay walls of shrines in the first known settlement on the plains of central Anatolia and dating back to 6000 B.C. Other treasures appear in a remarkable art collection now touring the United States and including in its 7,000-year range fertility idols of the earliest tribes, gold Trojan jewellery, riches from Midas and Croesus, a bronze of Emperor Trajan, a portrait of Süleyman the Magnificent. Across miles and millennia, the remote country as well as the art of Turkey is coming within reach as the interior begins to open up with roads and air routes to places hitherto inaccessible. Even places as removed as those we reached after three stalwart weeks of Jeeps, mule-trains, and sleeping bags—for the photographs on these twenty-six pages and the accompanying article on page 162: the Valley of Göreme's towering rocky spires hollowed into eyrie dwellings by mediaeval Anchorites; Pamukkale's lime-frozen fountains, terracing white and still down travertine ledges from the sacred Roman spa of Hierapolis to the plains of Çürüksu far below; Nemrud Dagh's formidable tumulus guarded by colossal limestone deities sky-high in the Anti-Taurus mountains—Tomb Sanctuary of Antiochus I of Commagene, a kingdom which flourished 2,000 years ago and commanded the upper Euphrates along Anatolia's eastern border . . . the western border of Eden.

BEELINE TO THE SUN

Great buzz of colour: chrome-yellow-and-black-striped djellaba dresses tucked high on the thigh—and on the first sunny leg of a Turkish adventure. Both silk dresses by Donald Brooks were photographed in the wind-carved Valley of Göreme. Coiffures, on these twenty-six pages, by Alexandre, Paris. Fashion details, page 262.









MOSAIC OF GOLD AND SILVER TIERED ON LACE

Through the cavernous half-light of a frescoed Byzantine chapel arching deep within Göreme Valley rock, a mosaic of gold and silver lace shimmers in fragile tiers—cascading from tiny bodice to evening's shortest hem. Dress by Pat Sandler.
The recently discovered chapel, damaged by earthquakes and no longer a place of worship, dates back to the eleventh century when monks of the Valley carved out their dwellings in the rocky cliffs, swirled to spires by Göreme's timeless winds.
Fashion details, page 262.

HENRY CLARKE

IN PAMUKKALE... SILVER-SPANGLED EVENINGS

Dancing in the light, right: A handful of silver sequins flickering briefly from tiny straps. By Joan Arkin. A dress like fragmented moonlight, far right: All-covering silver sequins held lightly above the waist by a drawstring. By Anne Fogarty.... Both dresses photographed at the natural carved chalk cliffs of Pamukkale in Denizli, Turkey. Fashion details, page 262.

HENRY CLARKE



THE TILT OF HEMS, THE ROAR OF PRINT

Flounced hem, right, tilted down the sides and ruffled to the ground like a peacock's train....Strapless evening dress and scarf, of silk surah in an impression-of-flowers print—bolts of blue, outlines of black. By Jobère. A fearless asymmetry, far right: tilted neckline, tilted hem on a blazing whirlpool of silk surah stripes. By Malcolm Starr....Turkish background: chalk-water basins in the cliffs of Pamukkale. Fashion details, page 262.



HENRY CLARK

PYJAMAS AND BRITCHES, BILLOWED FOR EVENING

Jewelled seraglio pyjamas, left: Tiny, starry clusters of rhinestones on white chiffon, over the palest shell-pink ... mysterious, romantic as Dulac's illustrations for *The Arabian Nights*. Flowing trousers, banded at the ankle; overblouse top with a triangular yoke, a trail of filmy scarf. By Christian Dior-New York.

Satin knee-britches, above, with ribbon rosettes ... duellist's shirt with billowy sleeves ... in delicious, heavy oyster-white satin. To wear in the sun by the pool, with a bright-green straw sunshade—or at night, with jewelled sandals. By Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture. Plexiglas chair Number 1 by Quasar. Backgrounds: limestone cliffs at Pamukkale, Turkey. Fashion details on page 262.



HENRY CLARKE

THE SLEEVED PYJAMAS

Chill-white crêpe, opposite: Clean as the white-lime cliffs of Pamukkale—wide top, wide pants jewel-blazed with a Byzantine cross. By Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture.

Bright-cool silk, right: Flowers drenched with pure light—a simple line of colour flaring out past the knee. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Fashion details, page 262.



BACK TO GÖREME...THE JIBBA IDEA; PINK PYJAMAS

Mini-jibbas, left—the great North African idea in short, speeded-up form for the beach. Both of poppy-red cotton voile trimmed with heavy Moroccan braid; the jibba at far left covers a wisp of red voile bikini. All by Princess Tazi of Marbella, Spain. The pinkest pyjamas, above: Wide-legged trousers, long-sleeved overblouse—of twill in the clearest, brightest poppy-pink. By Kimon Kouros of Mykonos, Greece. Backgrounds: cliff dwellings in the Valley of Goreme, Turkey. Fashion details on page 262.



RED LINEN LACQUERED ON WHITE

Linen to sharpen a suntan on—lacquer red plus
chalk white, clear as no single colour can be.
Lacquer-red tabard, white shorts, above: Nothing
clearer—side-slashed red baring white, arms
and legs swinging free.
Lacquer-red dress, white panel, right: Simplest,
strongest clarity—an oblong of white imbedded in red.
Lacquer-red dress, white-banded scarf, opposite:
The scarf does the trick here—white, clear
for miles around, against red scarf, red dress.
All three costumes by Jacques Tiffeau for
Tiffeau & Busch. Photographed at Göreme's rock
chambers, hewn out of the great cliffs
by mediaeval monks. Fashion details on page 262.



LINEN COLOUR: SUN-BRIGHT, SUN-BARE

Bright white, above: White so vivid it's pure colour—a blinding flare of it, side-buttoned, flung out from a deep side-fold. Dress by Chester Weinberg. Lacquer red, right above: The colour that's a real ball of fire right now—tabbed for right now, whizzed to the knee. By Kasper for Joan Leslie. Deep-red lacquer, right: Here it is again—the hottest colour around, cut with cool skill to unharness the shoulders, harness the sun. By Geoffrey Beene. Bright brown, opposite: Marvellous against Göreme's burnt-brown cliffs, marvellous against bare and browning skin—sun-land colour simply crossed at the neck by a halter. Dress by B. H. Wragge. Both pages photographed in Göreme. Fashion details, p. 262.

HENRY CLARKE





CHROME YELLOW: THE BARE-LEGGED DRESS

Brighter than Göreme's noon sun, chrome rings out loud and clear in the silent valley of wind-whipped rocks. Panelled wool knit, above: The square bit, square as a pinafore—chrome-and-white stripes siding up to chrome. Dress by Leslie Fay. Tabbed wool knit, right: Little polo-float playing down to the thigh. Dress by Laurence Gross. Fly-front linen, opposite: Blow-about smock flying out past a yoke and a low back belt. Dress by Hannah Troy. A child's floppy sunbonnet tops all. Fashion details, page 262.

HENRY CLARKE





VOLATILE CHIFFON, NOMAD STRIPES

Sunset colour, opposite: Fiery in the light of Nemrud Dagh's setting sun—
a transparent blur of orange and yellow swirled by a toga-scarf. Evening dress by Pauline Trigère.
Pyjamas of many colours, above, varied as Joseph's—far out on either limb for yards
and yards of spectrum stripes. Silk dinner pyjamas by Dominic for Matty Talmack.
Both pages photographed on Nemrud Dagh, mountainous site of the American excavations
being carried out under the direction of Theresa Goell to reconstruct the Tomb Sanctuary of
Antiochus I of Commagene; here, on the West terrace are a quake-severed head of Antiochus, left,
his celestial Guardian Eagle, far left, and Apollo-Mithra, right. Fashion details, p. 262.

HENRY CLARKE

GOLDEN IDYL, PRINTED FUR JIBBA

Crowning touch for the merest stretch of gold, above: Lamé prongs curve up to meet a Plexiglas collar circling the shoulder. Dress by Emmanuelle Khanh, photographed on Nemrud Dagh at the Tomb Sanctuary of Antiochus I of Commagene, high in the Anti-Taurus mountains; a stone head of Heracles, shaken loose by earthquakes, towers amid fragmented rock. New breed of rabbit, opposite: Printed like cloth, cut like a jibba—a great fur flow of Persian motifs gallooned in silk. By Chombert. Among Nemrud Dagh's ruins: colossal heads of Antiochus I, left, Apollo-Mithra, right. Fashion details, p. 262.

HENRY CLARKE





HENRY CLARKE

IN ISTANBUL... LACQUER-RED CRÊPE AT NIGHT

Lacquer, the red that gives a suntan something to glow about, shown here for evening—two clear shouts from the domed and turreted rooftops of the Seraglio in Istanbul. Bared shoulders and a tilted hem, far left—a toga-dress of lacquer-red crêpe, wrapped to one side and caught with a bow. By Larry Aldrich. Slashed sleeves, slashed hem, left, on a narrow spill of lacquer-red crêpe, with long glimpses of white crêpe lining and white crêpe rolled out at the neck. By Christian Dior-New York.

Fashion details, page 262

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The way the war in Viet Nam gets closer, the possibility of negotiations, and the undercover seethe of strategies by governments to help find the path to peace. . . . The marvellous show of works by Edouard Manet—many never seen publicly before—at the Philadelphia Museum of Art before the Manets travel to the Art Institute of Chicago. . . . The loose, shook music of The Lovin' Spoonful, a frightful, nutty-looking foursome who do not play The Sound, but who make, in a variety of ways, a joyful jazzy, folk, blues noise, instantly recognizable to anyone over ten as the absolutely right noise Now, especially their newest record, "Rain on the Roof."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The knife thrusts, the minutiae of comedy timing in the Gleason-Carney Honeymooner characters, mellowed into knockabout fun, on Saturday night television. . . . The adroit, short skits for children imaginatively put on by the Paper Bag Players with six cents' worth of costumes and props at New York's Hunter College. . . . The uncluttered pleasure of the WOR radio program *Folk Singers, New York* with Bruce Eliot giving the names of the songs and the singers only on the half-hour breaks—no witless chatter. . . . The profound exploration, the direct clarification in the Nancy Wilson Ross book *Three Ways of Asian Wisdom: Hinduism, Buddhism and Zen and their Significance for the West.*

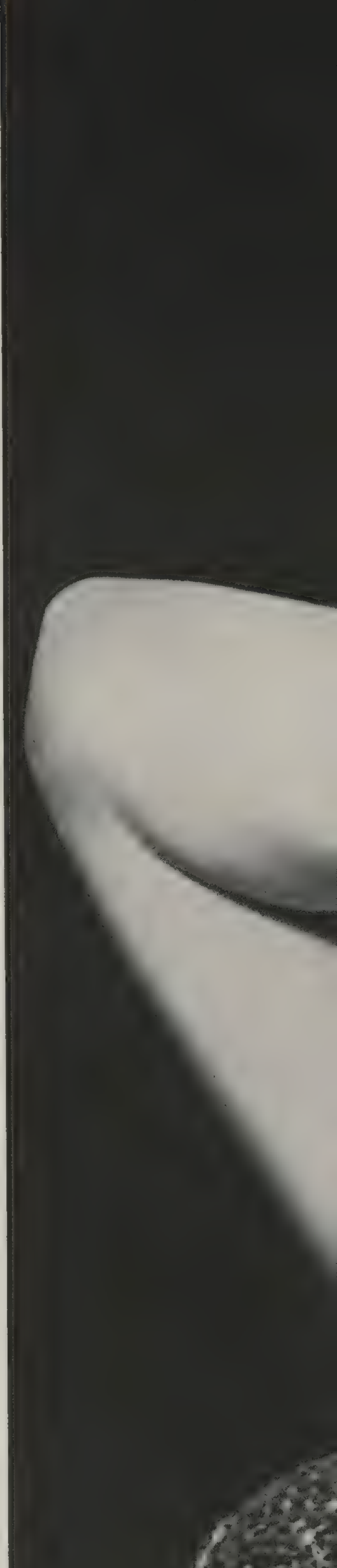
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . IN PARIS, the comic-strip book *Astérix chez les Bretons* (Astérix and the Bretons), by Goscinny and Uderz whose little Gallic warrior has sold more than half a million copies and is the major cultural bond between parents and children, for it is the first time the French have invented their own Superman who brings all the French together with a smile. . . . The 1967 March elections which may mean that the old France is about to be replaced by a new, younger element, progressive in methods but socially reactionary, a course which will put out of joint the old Left-Right, employer-employee rivalry. . . . *Les Espions de Bonne Volonté* (Spies of Good Will), a spy novel by Gabriel Veraldi who has written a bulky, romantic inventory of the world of intelligence officers, spies, and secret police, combining a convincing realism with quick wit. . . . The new Roberto Rossellini movie *La prise du pouvoir par Louis XIV* (The Seizure of Power by Louis XIV), in which Louis XIV is presented as a young, gawky man, small, timid, with a high voice; gradually the director shows Louis inventing the idea of monarchy by divine right, of the royal spectacle; finally Rossellini shows Versailles with everything totally real and quite awful—how Louis rose in the morning, washed or didn't wash, ate cold food; no drum-beating historical film mystifications.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The bouncy, rising pop song "Winchester Cathedral" with the complaint that when the singer's Baby left town the bells didn't ring, recorded by Geoff Stephens's New Vaudeville Band. . . . Tony Smith whose double exhibition of stimulating and enormous structures, with one of them sixteen feet high, thirty-two feet long, and eighteen feet wide, is now at Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum and at Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art; Smith, an architect for twenty-two years before he grew tired of the impermanence of architecture, came late to sculpture, has long been an influence on many younger artists, works mostly in plywood painted black, but has in his exhibitions three pieces, mystical and somewhat menhir, made of steel plate which he allows to gain its patina naturally, but gives them a push towards a rusty-brown colour by applying boiled linseed oil. . . . Maurice Jarre, the composer of the music for the new film *Is Paris Burning?*, a stupendous re-creation of the Occupation and Liberation of Paris; for the Resistance theme Jarre used a hundred-piece orchestra, for the German theme he used twelve pianos, playing together—no brass.

A hand grenade thrown by director Mike Nichols, Barbara Harris explodes in the new revue *The Apple Tree.* Although she comes on timidly in the first episode, "The Diary of Adam and Eve," she ends up in Feiffer's "Passionella" like the bagpipers of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, playing a movie star (Marilyn Monroe?) in gold sequins, her hair a soufflé of platinum (opposite), her walk a salamander's as she tiny-steps across the stage. But what stops everything is a sight gag: extraordinary foam rubber breastworks which she carries like a tray.

WHO IS SHE? SHE'S BARBARA HARRIS

What saves everything is the Harris style, the Harris control, the Harris compendium of the absurd. Part of her charm, her remote deliciousness is that she always seems both vulnerable and arrogant. A miniaturist, she has, as Passionella, the right little kick, the right sling of her arms, the moue, the husky mindless voice, the kind of super sexy egocentricity that recalls the mediaeval ages of the movies—the innocent fifties.



BERT STERN



HOPE

"You do not know what hope is until you have lost it," wrote T. S. Eliot. Hope is possible only when matters are hopeless. This, then, should be an age of hope, for within a few decades our mental climate has moved from belief in unlimited progress to a despair. Our symbol used to be Prometheus who by stealing fire from heaven promised a brilliant future for mankind. Shelley glorified that hope romantically in his "Prometheus Unbound," and later Marx and Lenin promised it in the social order.

But our generation, however, has to descend to another symbol, Sisyphus, the "hero of absurdity," whose hell is pushing a rock to the top of a hill only to have it fall back again. While Camus was gloomily discoursing on this hopelessness in his "Myth of Sisyphus," another man described life as though it were two factories: One on one side of the city, the other on the other. One factory ground big rocks into fine powder which was then shipped across the river to the other factory; the other factory cemented the fine powder into big rocks to be shipped back to the first factory, and so the meaningless whirl went on. One recalls what Ernest Hemingway wrote in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place":

> "Last week the old man tried to commit suicide," one waiter said.
>
> "Why?"
>
> "He was in despair."
>
> "What about?"
>
> "Nothing."
>
> "How do you know it was nothing?"
>
> "He has plenty of money."

But hopelessness *is* the beginning of hope. It was only when the Prodigal Son had hit bottom and lived on husks that he began to understand the love in his father's house. The alcoholic who denies that he is an alcoholic leaves little ground for cure, as the blind man who denies the existence of light may never submit himself to an operation.

Why is hitting the bottom the beginning? Because it is an admission that by ourselves we can do nothing, that all psychological self-helps have failed. This is known as "poverty of spirit," a sense of emptiness, not the emptiness of the Grand Canyon which can not be filled, but the emptiness of the nest which can be filled with young life and song. Every despairing man has a sense of emptiness, but he who is in hopelessness and denies he is responsible for his boredom has little chance of recovery. Guilt is not the worst thing in the world; the worst thing in the world is the

denial of guilt. The void which a useless life has produced is a void that can be filled. This, then, is the negative side of hope.

A positive way of finding hope, at least in its beginnings, is using our freedom in order to serve. Almost everyone who uses his own liberty to please himself ends in some kind of slavery. He who uses his freedom to help others becomes free in the truest sense of the word. Freedom is service for the sake of others. In any case, it is not something to be hoarded, but something to be given away. Every man who marries a woman surrenders his freedom but also purchases a deeper freedom in love. Every Peace Corps worker surrenders his freedom; so does every saint. Freedom is to be used, to be spent, to be bestowed. When we keep it for ourselves, it poisons us. There are two things that were never meant to be taken back once they were given: One is our breath, and the other is our love. To take back either is to end in asphyxiation—either of our bodies or of our personality.

It used to be that people were called out of the world to find hope; now those same people who are called out of the world are going into it to give it hope, to defend equal rights, social justice, to serve the poor, to form new communities through love, like the Samaritans who work among the despairing who intend to take their lives.

Another source of hope is the deeper areas of our personality, too often unsounded. In the midst of regrets, remorses, disillusionment, broken loves, abandonment, there well up from our subconscious mind inspirations, suggestions, the origin of which we know not. Like rivers hidden underground, they suddenly come to the surface when we least expect it, perhaps at night. These charisms or inspirations, which well up from the depths of our soul, are not from us. They come as strangers, unbidden, uncompulsive, and yet sweetly soliciting. But let me add here that the subconscious mind is not just a cellar of bad memories, of the evil we wish to forget. It is also a refreshing fountain whose force encourages us to change the direction of our lives. We are not only tempted to be evil, we are also tempted to be good.

Thus hope is born not only in communion with others, but in communion with ourselves; not only in service of fellowman, but in the wilderness where our self-distrust conjures up wild beasts, and yet where an unseen Hand seems to reach up to us, pointing to another signpost on the way of life. Whatever these promptings are, they force us to confront ourselves, to become aware of the turbulent forces within, of the violence which we have used toward others and the violence we can now begin to use on ourselves. These unconscious drives are agonizingly painful at first, because they push us toward personal integrity, so that we become real people instead of masked people. God is never on the side of the psychic status quo. He comes as the Great Disturber.

DONNA GIADA RUSPOLI,

youngest beauty of a princely Roman family... tall, slender, seventeen, daughter of Don Sforza and Donna Domitilla Ruspoli. She has flowing dark-gold hair, violet-blue eyes, wide-set in a fantastic sweep of lashes. In her face now are the reserve and mystery of youth; in her body, its quick grace and energy. ... For this photograph Donna Giada wore makeup for the fourth time in her life.







"SHE IS LIKE A COMET—
UNCOMPROMISING,
BEAUTIFUL, DIRECT":

LEE RADZIWILL

HERE WITH ANNA CHRISTINA
IN THE TURQUERIE ROOM
OF THE LONDON HOUSE

CECIL BEATON



LEE RADZIWILL AND HER CHILDREN, FRAMED IN TURQUERIE

Outspoken, unconventional, a young woman of strongly outlined beauty and no shilly-shally about her likes, Princess Stanislas Radziwill knows exactly what pleases her. What, among other things, pleases her now is the new Turquerie room in the small London house. "I wanted a room that would be warm, comfortable, strange, mysterious," she said. "Something completely removed from the kind of room Stash and I usually see around us. I love Eastern things particularly." Where she suggested, the decorator Renzo Mongiardino pursued to produce this blaze of Turquerie: a romantic complex of the bold, sensuous, subtle, and inscrutable effects of the Near and Far East used imaginatively and out of their time. The room entrancingly suits Princess Radziwill who for all her directness of manner has her own air of mystery. Wearing a gilded caftan given to her by the King of Morocco, she was photographed, *above*, with Antony, the older of the Radziwills' children, a boy who at seven years gives every sign of being on top of the tough, modern world. His six-year-old sister, Anna Christina, fired by her mother's interest in ballet, is a pupil of the great ballet teacher Marie Rambert. An impressionable child, with wide Slavic eyes, white skin, and a silken fall of brown hair, Anna Christina can be moved to tears if her parents forget to skip the sad passages when they read

fairy stories to her. She was photographed tucked up with her mother on the preceding page and, *right,* in her own small caftan, dreaming among the Paisleyed cushions of the Turquerie room. Here against walls panelled in Oriental cotton hang eighteenth-century Chinoiserie watercolours by Chinnery. An eighteenth-dynasty Egyptian head of a lioness, the goddess Sekhmet, stands on the low table in front of the fireplace; above hangs a Vigée-Lebrun portrait of Princess Louise of Prussia, Prince Radziwill's great-great-great-grandmother. Fine French furniture mixes with high divans covered in the same print as the walls of this vivid room. When sunlight filters through the vines in the garden outside and through flame-coloured taffeta curtains to glance off lobster-red flowers in turquoise-blue Sèvres vases, the effect is dazzling—like Princess Radziwill.

VOGUE, December, 1966

CECIL BEATON



NABOKOV



"Is the Queen pregnant?" said Vladimir Nabokov.

"I don't believe so," I said.

"When I saw her on television at the World Cup watching football she kept making this gesture." He did a mime of smoothing a dress.

"She always does that."

"Oh, I see. A queenly movement. Permanently with child. With heir." He chuckled and looked interested.

We met in a distant part of Switzerland. I had said to him on the hotel telephone, sounding to myself ludicrously like a character in *Sherlock Holmes* but assuming that he wouldn't know it, that he could identify me downstairs in the lobby because I had red hair.

"I shall be carrying a copy of *Speak, Memory,*" he had said back. (*Speak, Memory* is his autobiography.)

His ear for the idiom was instant and exact. It turned out later that his father had known Sherlock Holmes's creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. ("Though Conan Doyle was much more proud of his intolerably (Continued on next page)

The noble and powerful head of Nabokov, right, *and,* above, *his sensitive and strong hand, here shown holding an Orion Blue butterfly. A passionate hunter of butterflies, Nabokov finds his specimens especially in the Swiss and Italian Alps.*

A WITTY AND PROFOUND STUDY OF VLADIMIR NABOKOV, AUTHOR OF, AMONG OTHERS, "LOLITA" AND "SPEAK, MEMORY"

BY PENELOPE GILLIATT PHOTOGRAPHS BY PENN



boring books on South Africa.") Nabokov has a writer's passion for the physical details and likes Holmes's habit of passing half-a-crown through a chink in the cab to the cabdriver. He also has an intentness on the nuances of speech—Holmes's, mine, anyone's who uses English—that is made much more urgent by his exile from his own language.

Twenty-nine years ago he abandoned his "untrammelled, rich, and infinitely docile Russian tongue," which he had already used to write novels unpublishable in the Soviet Union and so not published at all, for an English that he learned first from governesses. Perhaps his command of it now is partly due to the obstacle, as a man will often think more swiftly who speaks with an impediment. Nabokov now writes a dulcet and raffish English that has found more of the secret springs of our language than most writers born to it can ever get under their fingers. For instance, he knows precisely the mechanism of an Anglo-Saxon use of bathos and rudeness, which will plant an anti-climactic word or a vernacular insult in a suave context where it goes off with a peculiar mixture of self-mockery and shabby bombast. For all that, his distress about losing Russian is obviously gnawing and will never be appeased. In the preface to *Lolita* he writes briefly about it as if he were an illusionist robbed of his luggage, performing on a stage where his plundered trickery has to be practised without any of the apparatus of association.

It occurs to me that perhaps this is exactly what makes him write better about love than any other novelist in modern English. The afflictions of exile carry a taste of theft that is the pang of intimacy itself. The tricked focus in the experience of loving, the one that hideously connects rapture with mortality and causes lovers to hoard the present as though it were already gone, bestows a psychic foretaste of loss that is close to the one that gave the privileged Russian children of Nabokov's age a genius for recollection. They lived their Russian youth with the intensity of the grown-up in love, mysteriously already knowing too much about losing it. The ache that clings to good fortune or great accord is one of time's ugly gags, like the grasping housewife already secreted in the rapturous frame of little Lolita.

Humbert Humbert is in love with a booby trap. His whole situation hoaxes him. *Lolita* is an account of the passionate involvement of a man constantly ambushed by *dépaysement* and consigned to the plastic exile of motels. *Dépaysé:* de-countried: We need a word for it now in English far more than we need "deflowered." It isn't at all fully expressed by "alienation," or "rootlessness," for like the comic agony of love in *Lolita,* it is a concept of loss that includes the knowledge of what it can be to possess. Before I met Nabokov I had wondered sometimes how it was possible for a writer to live permanently in hotels, as he has done since 1960, mostly in Switzerland; but it was a stupid speculation about a great novelist of *dépaysement* who carries his country in his skull. His landscape isn't Russia, but Russian literature.

His permanent address now is a hotel in Montreux that he described as "a lovely Edwardian heap." We met in the Engadine, where he and his wife had come for the butterflies, in another Edwardian heap with spa baths in the basement. He is a tall, loping man whose gait and way of peering reminded me faintly of Jacques Tati's.

"I am six foot," he said. "I have very thin bones. The rest is flesh." He picked at his arm as if it were a jacket.

In his autobiography he describes himself as having the Korff nose, passed on from his paternal grandmother's side: "A handsome Germanic organ with a boldly boned bridge and a slightly tilted, distinctly grooved, fleshy end." He wears spectacles, but switches to pince-nez after six to alter the ache in his nose. His accent is neither Russian nor American: I think it originates in the upper-class English undergraduate speech of immediately after the First World War, when he went to Cambridge. ("Cambridge, Cambridge, not Cambridge, Mass.," he said.) His French is delicate and pure. He hears it as dated: "The slang goes back to Maupassant." His Russian is the authentic sound of pre-Revolutionary St. Petersburg. He did a mischievously expressive example of the boneless accent of standard Pravda speech now. I don't suppose that either he or his wife can detect that their birth in itself is a distinct and commanding fact about them both; but then the upper-class people of Europe never do. It is only the rest who can see the difference, and the well-born truly believe themselves to be indistinguishable.



NABOKOV *continued*

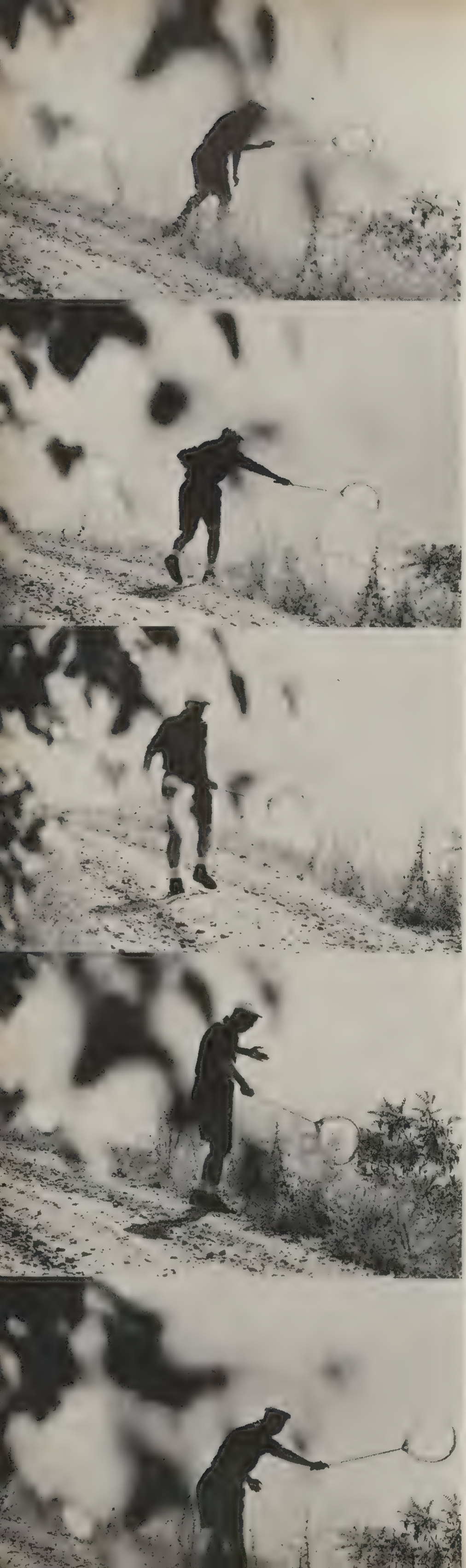


The Nabokovs think of going back to America to live, perhaps in California. They are looking for—what? A climate; and far more than that, a language. "We were in Italy, but we don't want to live there. I don't speak Italian. And the *scioperi* (strikes). . . . Véra found a château in France, but it would have cost a lot of money to convert it. It had drawbridges. It had its drawbridges and drawbacks." He has a habit of going back over what he has said and correcting it that is rather like the way he immediately uses an eraser on his notes. "I don't much care for De Gaulle. I fear things will happen there when he dies. I would go to Spain but I hate bullfights. Switzerland: lakes, charming people, stability. All my publishers pass through from one festival to another."

He had been up since six, as usual, and had a bath in the curative basement. "I discovered the secret of levitation," he said. "One puts the feet flat braced against the end of the bath and rises covered with bubbles like a fur. I felt like a bear. A memory of a former state."

We had a drink rather early in the morning. The whiskies looked small and he asked for soda. "Make the glass grow," he said, and then muttered: "The grass glow."

(Continued on next page)



His books are written on card-index cards so that it is possible to start in the middle and insert scenes as he wants. He writes in 3B pencils that he says he sharpens compulsively. They have India rubbers on the ends which he uses to exorcise mistakes instead of simply crossing them out. My own error in writing with a pen struck him as technically cardinal. His pocket notebooks are made of paper squared like an arithmetic book. The formal pattern that might distract most people obviously stimulates him. I could understand this: It must be a little like seeing figments in the black and white tiles in public lavatories.

"Some of my best poems and chess problems have been composed in bathrooms looking at the floor," he said.

At some stage we started to play anagrams. I gave him "cart horse" (the solution is "orchestra"). He took the problem away on what was meant to be a nap, and came bounding into the bar two hours later with an expression that was a very Russian mixture of buoyancy and sheepishness. The tartanned paper of his little note pad was covered with methodically wrong steps. "Her actors," he said, in try-on triumph, eyeing me, and knowing perfectly well that the answer had to be one word. Then he started to laugh at his picture of the creature whose property the actors would be. Bossy women strike him as irresistibly comic: They trudge through his books, absurd, cruel, creatures of inane placidity who see everything in the world as a mirror of their womanliness and who will speak sharply about something like Bolshevism as though it were an obvious minor nuisance, like mosquitoes, or the common cold. I believe his woman producer also amused him because he finds the theatre inherently funny when it is earnest: something to do with its thickness, I think, compared with the fine mesh of the novels he likes.

When he taught in America he lectured on *Anna Karenina,* Tolstoy's *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch, Ulysses,* Kafka's "The Metamorphosis," and Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park,* which was suggested by Edmund Wilson. The precise butterfly-pinner discovered that Tolstoy made the two families in *Anna Karenina* age on a different time scale, so that more years have passed for one than for the other. He also says that Joyce left out any reference to Bloom's coming back from the cemetery.

"I know Dublin exactly. I could draw a map of it. I know the Liffey like the Moskva. I have never been to Dublin but I know it as well as Moscow. Also I have never been to Moscow."

He and his wife both lived in St. Petersburg, but they met first in Berlin in exile. They could have met many times when they were children; at dancing class, perhaps; it bothers them and they go over it.

"Véra's coming down in a moment," he said. "She's lost something. A jacket, I think. When she loses things, it is always something very big." He started to shake again. His sense of humour is very Russian, and the sight of its taking him over is hugely pleasurable. There is a lot of the buffoon in it. He is one of the few people I have seen who literally does sometimes nearly fall off his chair with laughing.

"Véra has been doing 'cart horse' as well," he said. "Eventually she suggested 'horse-cart.' She hadn't much hope."

In the lounge there was an Edwardian mural of naked lovers, except that they were not naked and seemed to have nothing much to do with loving. The woman was vulgarly draped and the man wore, as well as a tulle scarf across his groin, a vapourish example of early Maidenform around his chest. After days of looking at the picture Nabokov still found it mildly interesting. It happened to be a rather obvious demonstration (Continued on page 279)

Right, *the expressive face, the piercing eyes of Vladimir Nabokov, and,* left, *Nabokov pursuing butterflies, furthering his secondary fame as a lepidopterist.*

NABOKOV



UNCHANGED CHINA: ITS RARE SPLENDOURS

There is Mao Tse-tung. And the young Red Guards. And then there are the great unchanged sweeps of the land, the knotted rivers, the cragged mountains, and the Forbidden City in Peking. Here, and on the next five pages, three splendours of the China that never changes.

PEKING under the snow

Magnificent—a red and gold and white marvel, that is Peking's Forbidden City. Kublai Khan started the palaces. Marco Polo saw them. The Ming and Ch'ing emperors expanded them, brought more marble. The Japanese conquerors took them over. Now a museum, the Forbidden City belongs to and is beloved by the People's Republic of China. Of the Forbidden City, Han Suyin wrote that "it is the imagination of China." Lao She, the eighty-six-year-old poet who killed himself not long ago in China, once said: "I am about to weep as I call to mind Peking."

MARC RIBOUD



CHINA

CONTINUED

THE RIVER LI, the waterway to Canton

Between the Kueilin mountains of unbelievable beauty, the river-people in their heavy houseboats carry cargo down stream, the naked babies lurching, the pigs chained like dogs to the railing, the whole family straining at the poles against the shallow riverbed. This is the river, these are the extraordinary-shaped mountains that the modern Chinese artist Hsu Pei-hung (1894-1953) painted superbly.

LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE





CHINA

CONTINUED

DESERTED TEMPLE in Kwangsi

Backed by blue-hazed mountains, on an island near the river Li, this small temple with its upturned eaves is much like many others left standing to remind the Chinese peasants of their three hundred and twenty-five emperors and their 4000-5000 years of civilization.

Note: Marc Riboud, the great French photographer, has just had published in this country his book, *The Three Banners of China.* Many of its illustrations are in the exhibition of his Chinese photographs at the Asia Society in New York.







the hidden force of BLACK AFRICAN ART

BY H. E. LÉOPOLD SÉDAR SENGHOR, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF SENEGAL, AND A FAMOUS POET.

Literature and art are not separated from man's basic activities and notably not from work techniques in which theirs is the most efficacious rôle. One need only remember, in Camara Laye's *The Dark Child,* Laye's father as he hammers out a gold ornament. The prayer, or rather the poem, that he recites, the hymn of praise that the *griot* [the balladeer] sings as the goldsmith works the gold, the dance of the smith when his task is completed: It is all these—poem, song, dance—that over and beyond the actions of the craftsman accomplish the work and make it a masterpiece.

From this same perspective, all the arts are seen to be interconnected. Sculpture fully achieves its purpose only with the aid of the dance and the poem that is sung. Or consider the man who, behind the mask of Bélier, incarnates Nyamié, the Spirit Sun of the Baoulé. He dances the deeds of Bélier to the rhythms of the orchestra, while the singers chant the poem of the deeds of the Spirit. (Continued on next page)

The Astonishing Thrones of Bamileke

Unique, sacred, and treasured, these Kuo Koko, *or state thrones,* left, *were the recent sensation of a great exhibition of African art in Paris. To see them was to marvel. The heritage of the Bamileke Chieftains, the tribal kings of the hardy highland people of the Northern Cameroons, these beaded, superbly ornamented figures are life-size. Mysterious and mystical, double images stand imperiously on this throne, with, at its base, the royal insignia: a leopard, bare-fanged, open-clawed, ready to pounce. Bearded in diamanté bangles, a head,* far left, *of a* trône perlé.

For this secret art, each craftsman guards his patrimonial patterns, passed on from generation to generation. Unless there is a royal reason, these jewelled rarities are seldom seen. They are kept locked away in the Chieftainship Treasury with other beaded artifacts and brought out to dazzle only at Bamileke ritual festivals.

This is an example of what may be called functional art. The masked dancer must identify himself with the Spirit-Sun-Bélier and, like the sacrificing priest, cause his force to flow over the spectators who participate in the drama.

This brings us to another characteristic of the poem. There are professionals in literature and art, of course. In Sudanese countries, the *griots* are simultaneously historians, poets, and storytellers. In Guinea and the Congo, the sculptors who are employed in the princely courts wear the mallet on the shoulder as a mark of honour. In all areas, the smith, the polytechnician of magic and art, according to a *Dogon* myth, was the first artist to use the rhythm of the tam-tam to cause rain to fall from the sky. Existing side by side with these professionals, however, are the people, the anonymous crowd, who sing, dance, sculpt, and paint.

In Black Africa, a man's school is his initiation; as he leaves childhood, he assimilates, together with the skills of the tribe, the techniques of literature and art. The two examples given above indicate, on the other hand, that every art manifestation is collective—made for all with the participation of all.

Because they are functional and collective, Black African literature and art are engagé. They commit the persona—not merely the individual—through and to the community in the sense that they are existentializing techniques. They engage man in a future that will be present to him henceforth as an integrating part of his self. This is why, contrary to what has often been said, the Black African work of art is not a copy of an endlessly repeated archetype. Specific objects exist, of course, each of which expresses a life force. But what strikes one is the variety of execution, determined by personal temperament and circumstance.

The artisan-poet is rooted, and his work engages not only himself but *his* ethnicity, *his* history, *his* geography. He utilizes the materials he has at hand and the events that make up the web of his daily existence, but he rejects what is simply anecdotal, because the anecdotal is devoid of feeling and does not commit him. Whether painter or sculptor, when the opportunity is offered, he will use tools and materials imported from (Continued on page 276)



Beaded Thrones of Bamileke

The royal throne, right, *is a communal treasure, belonging to the king as head of a Bamileke tribe. By command of the tribal council, court embroiderers designed a state throne for each new Chieftain or* Fong, *stitching thousands of European bugle beads, seed pearls, and cowrie shells on palm raffia. Royal sculptors carved the thrones in wood before the embroidered toiles were fitted over the forms, creating an art, rare, jewelled, geometric.*





Alice in Wonderland

The subtle, lyrical, exact logic of the Wonderland child of Lewis Carroll has been netted. Again this unforgettable, one-hundred-and-one-year-old fantasy of childhood happens, this time through the poetic reasoned imagination of Jonathan Miller, who especially wrote, organized, and directed a new film of Alice *to be shown on British television on New Year's Day. Holding to Carroll, dropping Tenniel, Dr. Miller changed the dreams to marvellously fresh and detailed Victoriana.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LORD SNOWDON
TEXT BY JONATHAN MILLER

I believe it was Lillian Hellman who first put me up to doing *Alice.* Sitting on the edge of a New York cocktail din we somehow got around to children's books and agreed that *Alice* was a rich, sombre book full of special promise as a film. It had been done before, but they had always missed the point. They had been too joky, or else too literal. And certainly they had always come unstuck by trying to re-create the style of Tenniel's original illustrations.

Alice is an inward sort of work, more of a mood than a story, so that before it could be turned into a film we had to discover some new key with which to unlock its hidden feeling. Tenniel's drawings are fastened to the printed page. They belong to the world of ink and type and just refuse to translate into photography. All those animal heads and playing cards look fine on the printed page. On celluloid they look like awkward pantomime drag. So we had to go deeper into the text, under the scratchy texture of the print, to find some commanding image which would provide a picture, as inevitable for celluloid as Tenniel's illustrations were for paper.

What was Charles Dodgson (alias Lewis Carroll) about? What is the strange, secret command of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland?* Nostalgia and remorse, of course. Like so many Victorians, Dodgson was hung up on the romantic agony of childhood. The Victorians looked on infancy as a period of perilous wonder when the world was experienced with such keen intensity that growing up seemed like a fall and a betrayal. And yet they seemed to do everything they could to smother this primal intensity of childhood. Instead of listening to these witnesses of innocence, they silenced them, taught them elaborate manners, and reminded them of their bounden duty to be seen and not heard.

Perhaps the adults were frightened and, long before Freud, knew the anarchic (Continued on page 261)



***Alice:* "'What a curious feeling!' said Alice. 'I must be shutting up like a telescope.'"**
Although Dr. Miller chose for his cast some of the greatest British actors, he chose an unknown, beautiful schoolgirl, Anne-Marie Mallik, for Alice.

***Rabbit:* "The White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it."**
As the White Rabbit rushing down the rabbit hole, Wilfred Brambel plays as though he were a rather fussy footman.

Alice down the rabbit hole:

"Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end?"

As Alice, Anne-Marie Mallik in the rabbit hole drank from the bottle marked "DRINK ME" and found that it tasted of cherry tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast


LORD SNOWDON



A mad tea party:"'It was the best *butter,' the March Hare meekly replied."*

At the tea party are: left to right, *the Hatter (Peter Cook), the Dormouse (Wilfred Lawson), and the March Hare (Michael Gough). They all attended with completely aristocratic languor.*



Advice from the Caterpillar: "'Keep your temper,' said the Caterpillar."

The Caterpillar, played by Sir Michael Redgrave, seated not on a mushroom but in the breakfast room of Sir John Soane's Museum in London.

The Duchess: "'You don't know much,' said the Duchess; 'and that's a fact.'"

The Duchess played like a terrible Nanny by Leo McKern.



LORD SNOWDON



Alice at the Queen's croquet ground:
"'You shan't be beheaded!' said Alice,
and she put them into a large flower pot."

The attendants at this furious gala are dressed like the ladies-in-waiting in Velásquez's "Las Meninas."

Alice, at the beach: "Taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils," said the Mock Turtle.

Alice listening to the Mock Turtle (Sir John Gielgud) and the Gryphon (Malcolm Muggeridge) who act like two hopeless Chekhovian uncles.



THE YOUNGEST ROMANTICS

BY ALAN PRYCE-JONES

From Pope Gregory the Great to Gainsborough, from Peter Bell to Peter Rabbit and Peter Pan, the British have lived inside a mythology. They did not create it deliberately: It was imposed on them by their painters and poets until it has become second nature.

"Not Angles but angels," said the Pope, we are told, as he gazed at a group of British children. And, true enough, to this day they look the part. Clutching their bunnies, turning their liquid eyes towards admiring elders, they make, if silently, a large claim on the world. Our fathers, they seem to say, took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade, all moustaches and chivalry; our mothers descend directly from the silver ladies in blue silk and pearls gazing across the park to the classical portico of home. We ourselves will be all but imperishable. If we start rich, we shall join the Labour Party and show ourselves selfless little democrats. If we start poor, Father will hope to take a peerage and send us to Eton. For this (they conclude) is the land where nothing really changes, where History is all but static, and Empire exists, if nowhere else, in the mind.

Objectively, this is a very odd way of looking at Great Britain. Seen as I now see it, from three thousand miles away, I find it hard to make the right connections between the Beatles and Charlotte M. Yonge, between James Bond and Byron. The connections are certainly there. After all, the island is a very small one, and (Continued on page 251)





NORMAN PARKINSON



THE RORY McEWEN GIRLS with silk-floss hair and wondering eyes, were photographed, *above,* and with their parents, *left,* by Norman Parkinson. In their brown-velvet, lace-collared dresses the girls look like three heroines out of a Victorian dream, but for these daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Rory McEwen this poised enchantment is a sometime thing. Roundly earthling, active girls, they perch appealingly between the Nannied and the New worlds. Mrs. McEwen, who was raised in America, is the daughter of Raimund von Hofmannsthal and the late Alice Astor. Mr. McEwen is one of the six talented, effective McEwen brothers of Scotland (their sister is Lady Hesketh). Known as Roderick only to his passport, Mr. McEwen has, in his early thirties, a two-story success: as a folk musician who M.C.'d and co-produced *Hullabaloo* on British television before the show's American incarnation; and as a painter known for his masterly flower paintings and, now, for his strong-coloured abstractions. Their daughters are, *left to right, above,* Flora, aged seven; Christabel, four; Samantha, six. The girls' brother, Adam, is still too young to be a power in the family in which his sisters' inexorable force consists, simply, of charm.





THE YOUNGEST ROMANTICS

it has known no invasion from Norman times until the other day, when a benign assault from the Caribbean made it possible for the subways and the hospitals to go on functioning. So that the Angles, the Jutes, the French, the Celts, and the rest have had centuries in which to simmer into a single well-blended stock.

It must need, surely, some special quality of mind to rise so steadily above everyday setbacks. For, in reality, small though the island be, its inhabitants differ surprisingly, even if in the face of any adversary whatever they tend to blend together like so many scraps of quicksilver.

Are they, perhaps, mostly plain dumb? For a stupid race would have succumbed to the events of the last fifty years. Brawn, by 1918, had played its part in British life; thereafter it was brains which staved off collapse.

Are they utterly insensitive? Shy, certainly, which makes them often appear unresponsive just because they are afraid of becoming bores. But, give them their due, the British are normally kind, and quickly intuitive.

No, I think that what makes them as they are is a strong romantic streak. To be romantic is to be armoured against reality, however harsh. It is to find an echo of poetry in places not obviously poetic. When we glance across the London street and see a young man with curls brushing his shoulders while he loads a truck, when we see Nanny on her way to the park pushing two babies who smile as if they (Continued on page 268)

THE ALEXANDER McEWEN YOUNG,

include this delicious laughing pair with their bright eyes like those of Beatrix Potter creatures: Sophia and Alexander. They were photographed, *left,* in the loden capes and peasant hats of Austria, their mother's country, and, *below,* with their parents, in McEwen tartans. (The baby, Hugo, was still out of the picture.) The Alexander McEwens live in an eighteenth-century pink-stone farmhouse at Marchmont in Scotland. Here, Mr. McEwen farms six hundred acres in addition to minding business in Edinburgh, sculpting, and playing folk music. He and his brother Rory played and sang together, for a time, as a two-man combo. Mrs. McEwen, who has topaz-coloured hair and eyes and a wind-and-sun freshness, is the daughter of Prince and Princess Franz Weikersheim. Sophia, five years old, and Alexander, four, nicknamed by himself Dumbie, share their mother's pink-and-golden colouring, and face the world with Christmas-eyed joy.



NORMAN PARKINSON

VOGUE, December, 1966



It's sleek, shined, firm, and strapped with colour that streams down the body—covering, uncovering, with a new kind of brilliance. The strapped maillot, left, in black with narrow straps holding the top, a pearly buckle at the pants. The back, almost entirely bare. By Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear, of elasticized wool and cotton; about $35 at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; J. P. Allen; Dayton's; May D&F. Coiffure by Paul Mitchell of Henri Bendel. T-neck, right, in flame purple cut in deep at the shoulders, high at the legs. In this, as in all the suits on these pages: no stiffened construction—just smooth fabric, soft as skin. Suit by Rikki for Sport Trio, of Chemstrand nylon (Stretch Fabric); about $30 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffure by Ara Gallant. Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

BULLETIN ON
the next figure
in the swim

PENN



Undershirt maillot, left, knitted in stripes of two purples—bright and brighter. The colours, the cut, the cling, all great now. By Bill Blass for Roxanne, of Orlon; about $30 at Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's, Michigan; Joseph Magnin. Coiffure: Ara Gallant. Furled hairpieces of Dynel by Tovar-Tresses. Paste-on suit, right, of black and white dots. The top, two separate cups attached by Velcro strips (with a soft adhesive side against the skin)—making for a barely interrupted suntan. Trikini by Bleuette, of cotton and Zantrel; about $16 at Henri Bendel; Burdine's. Coiffure: Paul Mitchell of Henri Bendel.

BULLETIN ON
the next figure
in the swim

PENN

Swiss-cheese scarlets, this page. Above, a cutout bathing suit with hood and one sleeve, a zipper down from the chin; about $40 at Henri Bendel; Woodward & Lothrop. Right, a maillot cut out at the shoulders and ribs; about $30 at Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Gidding-Jenny; Battelstein's. Both by Rikki for Sport Trio, made of Helanca stretch fabric of Du Pont nylon (Stretchnit fabric). Orange wedges, centre opposite, with a brass clasp, bit-pants; the front, all one piece and V-necked. By Bill Blass for Roxanne, of Helanca stretch nylon. About $30 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Goldwaters. Scarlet in strips, far right, the top cut in and out over bikini pants. By Rikki for Sport Trio, of Helanca stretch fabric of Du Pont nylon (Stretchnit fabric); about $23 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz. The coiffures on both pages, by Ara Gallant, with Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.



BULLETIN ON
the next figure
in the swim

PENN

BULLETIN ON

the next figure
in the swim

The petal bikini, left, like a bright floating sunflower in the water—big red petals flourishing over marigold strips of top and pants. By Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear, of elasticized wool and cotton; about $35 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; J. P. Allen; Dayton's. Little rippler, above, that swims or makes a cool switch for lunch—fuchsia matte jersey, all soft folds from a high waist, over fuchsia tights. By Cole of California; the jersey of Du Pont nylon and silk; about $30 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Long bell-pull coiffures, both pages, by Ara Gallant using Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

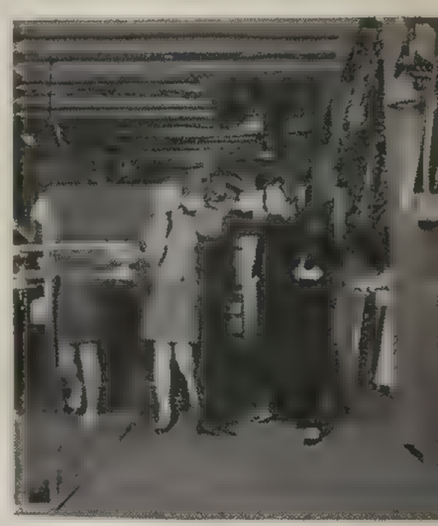
OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Paris: Saint Laurent turns left, crosses the river and, everybody—watch out!



Let Yves Saint Laurent loose on the Left Bank and what happens is just the best. When a designer like Yves—with his eye for wit, elegance, his sense for what's what today, for proportion, the perfect touch—decides to get into the boutique business, you know it's not going to be any piddly little bit of business. There it is—on the Rive Gauche at 21 rue de Tournon (right)—the first of many Saint Laurent boutiques to come—a smashing, bold, handsome boîte of a boutique—crash, gnash with colour—Chinese lacquer red, orange, purple, icy blue, lime, glass, chrome. . . . And clothes, clothes, clothes, superb ones—1967 modern in the very best sense, made of the best fabrics, with the best workmanship, and better than best prices. . . . It's really like haute couture now being filtered through the métier of the boutique. Yves's venture *could* change the face of things for a lot of superb designers everywhere. . . . And everybody is there. Françoise Hardy's there (left), popping in front of the bigger than life portrait of old Yves himself that hangs on a door. . . .

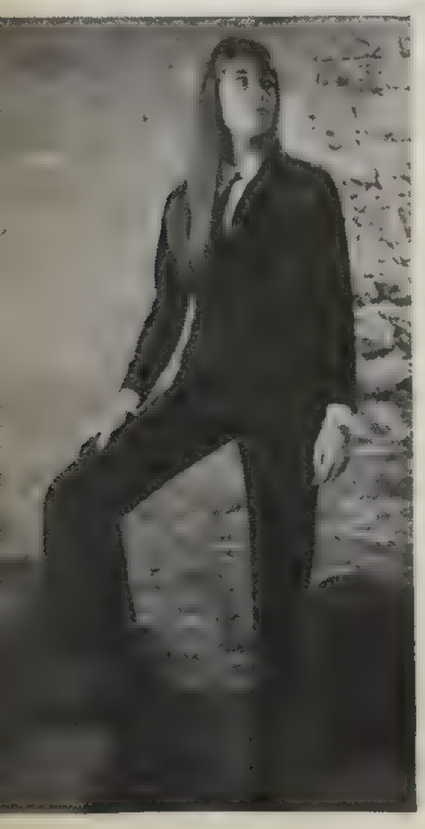




Left: Françoise Hardy—the visage Oh-so-stern, but the look so adorable—in Saint Laurent's long black velvet smock tippetted with a flute of a white organdie collar. About $90. . . .

Right: Françoise Hardy larking along the rue de Tournon in one of Saint Laurent's superb wool knits—simple but subtly cut tubes pointed up with colour—just right. Françoise's—navy with licks of yellow at the neck, cuffs. $37. . . .









Left: Françoise Hardy in three of the besties in Saint Laurent's Rive Gauche boutique. Far left: The incomparable black "smoking," just like the one in Yves's haute couture collection. $100. Centre, left: The great raincoat, slick yellow vinyl down the middle, thick woolly knit in the sleeves. About $76. Tapestry boots to order, $80. Near left: Yellow and Confederate-blue wool Tattersall pants tailleur, $95. . . .

BUGAT

Alice in Wonderland

(Continued from page 241)

vigour of the child. Whatever the reason, they were two-faced about youth, secretly longing for the very condition which they took so many efforts to stifle and restrain. They were caught in a cleft stick between the incompatible claims of duty and sensibility. They knew very well that in growing up they must sacrifice the glory and the freshness of the dream. And yet they realized, too, that only by doing this, by ignoring the splendour in the grass, could they apply themselves to work, to duty, and to substantial public accomplishment.

For above all, the Victorians were prodigious workers with an almost obsessional sense of the dignity of labour. The world pressed down on them with a burden of serious obligation, and anything which interfered with the discharge of this obligation seemed like a frivolous intrusion. Life was short enough without having to waste time on the petty sensitivities of childhood.

Yet the Victorians knew, or suspected at least, the damage they were doing by hurrying on to maturity like this. Deep down, in moments of sentiment and remorse they realized that infant sensibility was more than a frivolous luxury—a core of precious spiritual vitality without which life was a meaningless drudge. It is significant that when John Stuart Mill fell into a depression in early manhood, he was comforted not by work, but by the poems of Wordsworth.

Alice is another Victorian's quest for consolation in childhood. Both books are about the pains of growing up. In *Wonderland* and *Looking Glass*, a sombre punctilious child reaches hesitantly toward her own seniority, realizing as she does so the terrible penalties of the adult state. Right at the start of *Wonderland*, she feels herself growing bigger only to feel with an awful shock that by doing so she can no longer get down the passageway and out to the garden with its cool fountains and bright flowers.

The journey which Alice then makes takes her deeper and deeper into the mesh of adult obligation—into a world where punctuality is the cardinal virtue and where disobedience is punished by having your head off. And the story converges on an occasion which is surely the epitome of adult responsibility —a trial. At the end it is not the Knave who suffers but Alice herself who is finally accused of having grown too big.

Everyone Alice meets on the way to this climax represents one of the different penalties of growing up. One after the other, the characters seem to be punished or pained by their maturity. The Queen is infuriated, the King is browbeaten. The Caterpillar is a fossilized pedant and the Duchess a bibulous old frump prompted by morals and mottos.

Even the congenial characters are bowed down with pathos and remorse. The Gryphon and Mock Turtle sink into senility with a few tattered reminiscences of their school days to comfort them in their shallow grief. The Hatter lives on riddles; the Dormouse snoozes into his dotage. The whole book is a panorama of corruption and decay.

The animal heads and playing cards are just camouflage. All the characters in the book are real, and the papier-mâché disguises with which Carroll covers them all up do nothing to hide the indolent despair.

Once this was clear, the way to make the film fell neatly and inevitably into place. No snouts, no whiskers, no carnival masks. Everyone could be just as he was. And Alice herself? Not the pretty sweetling of popular fancy. I advertized for a solemn, sallow child, priggish and curiously plain. I knew exactly what she would be like when I found her. Still, haughty, and indifferent, with a high smooth brow, long neck, and a great head of sphinx hair.

Seven hundred kids answered the advertisement and

(Continued on page 264)

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How else could you be such a big giver for less than ten dollars...

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Hunger is one meal a day

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EASTWARD TO EDEN

Fashion details for pages 188 to 213.
All coiffures on these pages,
by Alexandre, Paris.
Dynel hairpieces by Reid-Meredith.



PAGE 189
Two bumblebee-striped silk dresses in chrome yellow and black—cut like djellabas, tucked thigh-high here. Both by Donald Brooks; fabric designed by Bill Poole for Onondaga. Each, about $125. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Scarfs by Halston, to order: Bergdorf Goodman.



PAGE 190
Gilded and silvered cage of sparkle tiered with three jewelled seams. By Pat Sandler, of nylon and Mylar. About $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Neusteters; Sakowitz.



PAGE 192
Short silver glitter-dress by Joan Arkin, of sequined mesh. About $45. Junior sizes. Michael Hic earrings. All: Lord & Taylor. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; Bramson. Lilly Daché hat. De Liso Debs shoes.



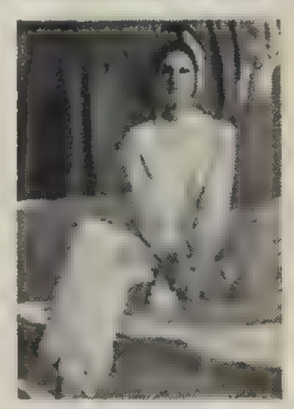
PAGE 193
Long-fall silver dress by Anne Fogarty, of sequined mesh. About $135. Maison de Fou necklace. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. I. Miller sandals (we added the ornament).



PAGE 194
Blue-and-black scarfed dress with a flounced hem, short in front, long in back. By Jobère; Fisher & Gentile silk surah. About $250. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Joseph Horne; Battelstein's; I. Magnin. Herbert Levine shoes. Emme bows.



PAGE 195
Tilt-hem dress by Malcolm Starr; Sheraton-TSM silk surah. About $145. Michael Hic bracelet, to order. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. I. Miller sandals. Headdress: Alexandre, Paris.



PAGE 196
Sparkled white chiffon over pale-pink silk—Turquerie pyjamas by Christian Dior-New York. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. Halston scarf, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. Evins sandals, to order: I. Miller. Fabiola bracelet.



PAGE 197
White crêpe shirt, satin britches by Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture. Crêpe of Avisco acetate and rayon; satin of silk and Avisco rayon (Onondaga fabrics). Each, about $70. K. J. L. earring worn as pin. All: Lord & Taylor. Costume: Julius Garfinckel; Stanley Korshak; Sakowitz.



PAGE 198
Top, wide pants in oyster-white. By Sportswear Couture. Crêpe of Avisco acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $145. Apex Art cross; Monet chain. All: Bonwit Teller. Costume: Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. Halston hat, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. Battani sandals.



PAGE 199
Pyjama-splash by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, in Royal Woolens silk surah. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Halston hat, to order: Bergdorf Goodman.



PAGE 200
Two red voile mini-jibbas trimmed with Moroccan braid over matching bikinis. By Princess Tazi of Marbella, Spain. Stoffel cotton. Left, $75. Right, $65. Bonwit Teller. Scarfs by Halston, to order: Bergdorf Goodman.



PAGE 201
Poppy-pink pyjamas flared all the way. By Kimon Kouros of Mykonos, Greece. Galey & Lord Dacron-and-cotton twill. $60. Bonwit Teller.

PAGE 202
Left above: Lacquer-red tunic, short white shorts. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch; Moygashel linen. About $160. Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop; Stern & Mann; Joseph Magnin.



PAGE 202
Right: Panel of white set in lacquer red—Moygashel linen dress by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. About $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus.



PAGE 203
Lacquer-red Moygashel linen dress; a fling of red-and-white scarf. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. About $145. Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.



PAGE 204
Above: Bright white Moygashel linen, buttoned and pleated on one side. By Chester Weinberg. About $90. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Livingston's, Ohio; I. Magnin. Evins sandals, to order: I. Miller. Adolfo hat.



PAGE 204
Right above: A swing of lacquer-red linen—tabbed, pocketed low. By Kasper for Joan Leslie; Moygashel linen. About $70. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Joseph Magnin. Evins sandals, to order: I. Miller. Adolfo hat.



PAGE 204
Right below: Harness-top skimmer of deep-red linen. By Geoffrey Beene. About $125. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neustetters. Evins sandals, to order: I. Miller. Adolfo hat.



PAGE 205
Sunny-brown linen Xed across bare shoulders. Dress by B. H. Wragge; Moygashel linen. About $80. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; I. Magnin. Evins sandals, to order: I. Miller. Adolfo hat.



PAGE 206
Left above: Side stripes against chrome yellow—double wool-knit dress by Leslie Fay. About $30. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; J. W. Robinson. Adolfo hat.



PAGE 206
Right: Polo-shirt dress in chrome-yellow double-knit wool. By Laurence Gross. A wool mark dress. About $60. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Godchaux's; Sakowitz. Adolfo hat.



PAGE 207
Float of chrome-yellow Moygashel linen—fly-front, back belt. Dress by Hannah Troy. About $110. Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Evins sandals, to order: I. Miller. Adolfo hat.



PAGE 208
High-waisted drift of sun-printed chiffon with a toga-scarf, and its own little body stocking to wear underneath. By Trigère, of Staron silk. De Pinna; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz. Michael Hic earrings. Bernardo chopines.



PAGE 209
Spectrum-striped silk pyjamas—tiny high bodice, glorious flare of pants. By Dominic for Matty Talmack; Leonard by Verron fabric. Mid-December at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Maison de Fou bracelet: Henri Bendel.



PAGE 210
Tiny tube of gold stretch lamé, hung, pointedly, on a wide Plexiglas collar. In Helanca stretch nylon and Lurex (Bucol fabric). By Emmanuelle Khanh. Headdress by Alexandre, Paris.



PAGE 211
The fur jibba—brown-and-white printed rabbit with silk galloon. By Chombert. Rings by Robert Originals, at Altman's.



PAGE 212
Side-wrapped evening dress of lacquer-red crêpe. By Larry Aldrich; Chardon-Marché silk crêpe. About $235. Hattie Carnegie earrings. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Higbee; Godchaux's; Frederick & Nelson. Bernardo sandals.



PAGE 213
Lacquer-red crêpe slashed to show white crêpe lining. By Christian Dior-New York, in crêpe of acetate and viscose. Cross and chain by Apex Art. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Gidding-Jenny; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Bernardo sandals.



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Alice in Wonderland

(Continued from page 261)

for three months I riffled through an album of bouncing, bonny Mods. It seems that every girl in England sees herself as Alice. Or at least some jolly sweet version of her. Half of them came in as holiday snaps, knee-deep in estuary water, with a bronzed brute of a father about to throw some coiled rope out of the background. But the real Alice, my little white whale, was elsewhere.

Then my Alice turned up. Just as I'd imagined her. She was the only child I interviewed out of the seven hundred who applied. She had no wish to become an actress, but her mother thought that a summer stint like this would do her good—bring

realism.

I wanted the child to move through a world where every detail threatened to blossom with some dreadful vision. Grass blades, dewdrops, bricks, silk brocade, violets, and lace. The awful pristine imminence of physical things. So in one set, for the Trial, my designer, a magpie genius called Julia Trevelyan Oman, loaded the scene with four thousand movable props.

It seems that the film contains the entire visual contents of the child's mind. Every object and surface she has ever seen and forgotten looms up with fatal clarity. We ransacked the Tate Gallery for all this. Pic-

As the summer opened we took off each day into the secret hinterland of rural England. It was ten years since I had been in the depths like this and I had forgotten how mysteriously rural much of England still was.

We took a wide sweep in each of the four quadrants of the compass. And I realized how different each one was—like a different temperament—or humour almost. There was the dry sedgy East. Tennyson country, with huge upholstered skies, cold marshes, and flights of honking swans. And the West, mythical and sleepy, drowsing under swaths of poppy-milk mist. And the Western rivers, too, sleek green and oily like

Alla Turca

(Continued from page 184)

and pungently spiced; sumptuous and squalid, noble and mean, exhilarating and exhausting, complex and innocent, too, for a rustic thread runs close to all Turkish life, and the fishermen sit mending their pink and blue swags of netting beneath the gigantic dappled plane trees, as the shepherds graze their sheep and goats within sight of Taxim's steel and concrete.

I love its grandeurs and its decadence, its spendthrift largesse and its detail; aridity—great patches of dunghill wastes—and then luxuriant gardens: the sugar-icing refulgence of Dolmabagtché Palace, and simple lines of a lovely tulip-shaped wooden spoon, whittled in some village, sold in bunches in the street markets; you eat with them in the humbler booths round Balik bazaar, the fish market, where—eloquent of this nation's sure sense of decoration—the fish are displayed, not on the customary pallid marble slabs, but, splendid foil, on huge round wooden trays painted scarlet or turquoise.

The shoeblack's brass boxes, ornamented with so much fantasy, are perfect examples of folk art applied to daily life, while the street water vendors carry their supply on their backs in elaborate metal vessels, some fashioned like huge gourds, bell-hung pagodas, or Eastern temples, from which they dispense the treasured substance by a chained brass cup.

The veneration of water runs throughout Eastern life; it is prized for its rarity and man's fierce thirsts until at last the element assumes a mystique. Oddly, in this city, surrounded by water, where the great Byzantine aqueducts and underground cisterns remain, water is positively apotheosized. Everywhere, we find lovely street fountains, some shaded by wide gilded eaves, fluted, like tropical foliage, some behind lace-like bronze or marble grilles.

Turkish baths have an element of the temple about them, where the rituals and worship of water prevail. In the traditional old Turkish cemetery rugs, a ribbon of blue water is traced round the flowers and cypresses representing the Gardens of Paradise; while those fabulous glittering diamond sprays that were set trembling on fine wires, as turban ornaments—surely they were inspired by a shower of raindrops—dew—the jet of a fountain? At the Seraglio, too, water was treated imaginatively.

Inside the Hall of Audience reserved for the reception of foreign diplomats the sound of a fountain was held to balk would-be eavesdroppers. In Sultan Murad III's wonderful blue-tiled room—perhaps the loveliest tiles in the world, peacock and azure and almond blossom—set deep in the heart of the palace, beyond the harem, and reached by a passage known as *The Place Where the Djinns Hold Concourse*, two gigantic canopied golden beds, or thrones, face a cascade of wall fountains which must have murmured and sparkled in the light cast by a vast, bronze-hooded fireplace. And Sultan Bayazet devised a kiosk for his summer siestas where water flowed over a domed crystal roof, and afar he could contemplate the blue windings of the Bosphorus.

* * *

To know Istanbul truly would demand several lives, each lived on different levels, in different centuries; but it would be a mistake for any visitor to concentrate on the grandiose. *Les petits décors de vie* are eloquent, too; those cobbled, steep old streets of the Phanar, at Piale Pasha, or any village along the Bosphorus, where, behind the Summer Embassies or abandoned palaces the tumbledown bleached wooden houses, with their windows sealed by moucharabies, always wear a secretive air, and where there is always a shadowy figure within, observing us silently; or where a woman's hand emerges stealthily to pull up a basket of figs proffered by a street vendor below, his brass scales and fruit paniers carried by a donkey who wears blue beads to avert the evil eye.

That is Istanbul as much as any legend of the Bosphorus, or the sweep of the Marmara,

(Continued on page 266)



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Alla Turca

(Continued from page 265)

where the dolphins frisk joyously round the *plages* of the Princes Islands, and the Bithynian Mount Olympus rises, majestic on the horizon. All the agitation of the harbour, liners, ferries, cargo boats, and yachts, still yields to the phantom of those gilded caïques that used to convey the more elegant harems, under the watchful eye of their eunuchs, to an inlet known as the Sweet Waters of Asia, much as once the Parisian *ton* used to drive in the Bois.

These caïques were lighter, swifter than gondolas, and very ornate. Silken carpets trailed in the water, from the stern, and sometimes, little shoals of silver jewelled fish attached to golden chains bobbed and leaped in the wake. . . . Phantoms and echoes everywhere—echoes of history behind contemporary uproar. Behind the taxi's claxon I seem to hear the dread rattle of the Janissaries kettledrums, and beneath the strident but haunting wail of *söz*—Oriental pop singing—I fancy I catch the sound of the dervishes, wailing and whirling in long-vanished tekkes.

Yet beside the most raucous thoroughfare, we are apt to come on sudden pockets of stillness: some forgotten *türbeh,* or Imperial mausoleum, stands, becalmed in its tangled little garden, and peering through the grille we see velvet, pearl-encrusted catafalques, cut-glass chandeliers, and elegant decorations which suggest some drawing room unexpectedly deserted by the guests.

In spite of the sugarplum tradition there is nothing sugary here—not even Turkish rococo. The Turks are not facile; they are taciturn rather than voluble; withdrawn, though of a most delicate politesse. They are apt to sit, silent, ruminative, in their waterfront cafés, puffing at a *techibouque* and perhaps enjoying that timeless state of tranquillity "a reverie without thought," known to the Arabs as *kef,* and to the Turks as *rahat.*

It has nothing to do with inertia and is as far removed from Mediterranean *dolce far niente* as their climate from eternal southern languors. Here skies are iridescent rather than intensely blue, and, abruptly, clouds gather, pearly or threatening, often hanging so low that the lance-like minarets appear to impale them, or to support them like heavy canopies.

Equally sudden, the north wind rages down from the Black Sea rattling at the shutters of the gingerbread *yalis* and historic palaces that line the Bosphorus, scattering the magnolia flowers that bloom in the gardens of the Summer Embassies and battering at those mysterious flocks of birds, seen only on the Bosphorus, that are forever swooping and dipping low over the water. No one has ever seen them alight, or nest, or eat, nor has one ever been found dead; they are said to be looking for Solomon's ring, or to be lost souls, awaiting the Day of Judgment.

"We have no climate, only north or south winds," say the citizens of Istanbul fatalistically, alternately basking under the vines or crouched over a mangal, or charcoal brazier. While these were once commanded in solid silver and even studded with precious stones, the coppersmiths' bazaar still does a brisk trade in less extravagant models. Like the portraits of earlier Turks, muffled in padded, fur-lined caftans, as we see in Liotard's portraits, or Melling's engravings, these mangals and the samovars, which are also an integral part of Turkish domestic life, remind us that here are many Asiatic roots, the Asia of the steppes, of the Mongols; contrast again.

* * * *

Nowhere are extremes more striking than in the life once lived within the Sultan's palace, Topkapi Saraï, the Vieux Serail or Seraglio, as it is generally known. (Seraglio here signifies palace, seraï, rather than haremlik, or women's quarters, as it is sometimes presumed; harem derives from the Arabic *harām,* forbidden.) It was a world apart, a citadel of mystery and indulgence where, nevertheless,

etiquette ruled every eventuality. From murder to tulip festivals, all had been foreseen, a line of conduct laid down, even to the manner in which a virgin slave must be presented to the Sultan on the ritual Night of Power, at Bairam.

It was the Sultan's mother, the all-puissant Sultan Valideh, who chose and conducted this young person to the Royal Alcove, or to one of the expressively named kiosks: the House of Gaiety, the House of Security, the Pearl Pavilion, or the House of Desire; which were strewn about the gardens awaiting, like all else, the Imperial whim.

On a lower scale, an equal exactitude prevailed: When the Tressed Halberdiers (so called from the two long false locks they wore framing their faces) carried firewood into the harem they were drilled to raise their big, cowl-like collars lest their eyes light on some sequestered beauty.

This sight was unlikely, for the women were subjected to discipline and surveillance recalling some Victorian boarding school, just as the school for pages (sometimes there were nine hundred of these) conducted a wide range of studies, from turban dressing to Persian and falconry, spread over fourteen years of the strictest discipline.

Murder and fratricide (something much practised in the Seraglio) also had its protocol. Princes of the Blood who might become possible claimants to the throne, whom it was generally more expedient to destroy (upon his accession, Sultan Mehmet III felt obliged to kill off nineteen of his brothers and seven of his late father's pregnant concubines who might have borne sons), were ceremoniously strangled with a *silken* bowstring. Their rank imposed this. It was ritually presented by deaf-mutes, who were much employed on such errands since they could not tattle.

Only the heads of the most illustrious victims were spiked on the towering Middle Gate where the Executioner's Fountain, for cleansing his sword, was conveniently to hand. It was the Head Gardener who organized the drowning of erring odalisques off Seraglio Point; his underlings rowed the boat out, but the deed was supervised by the eunuchs.

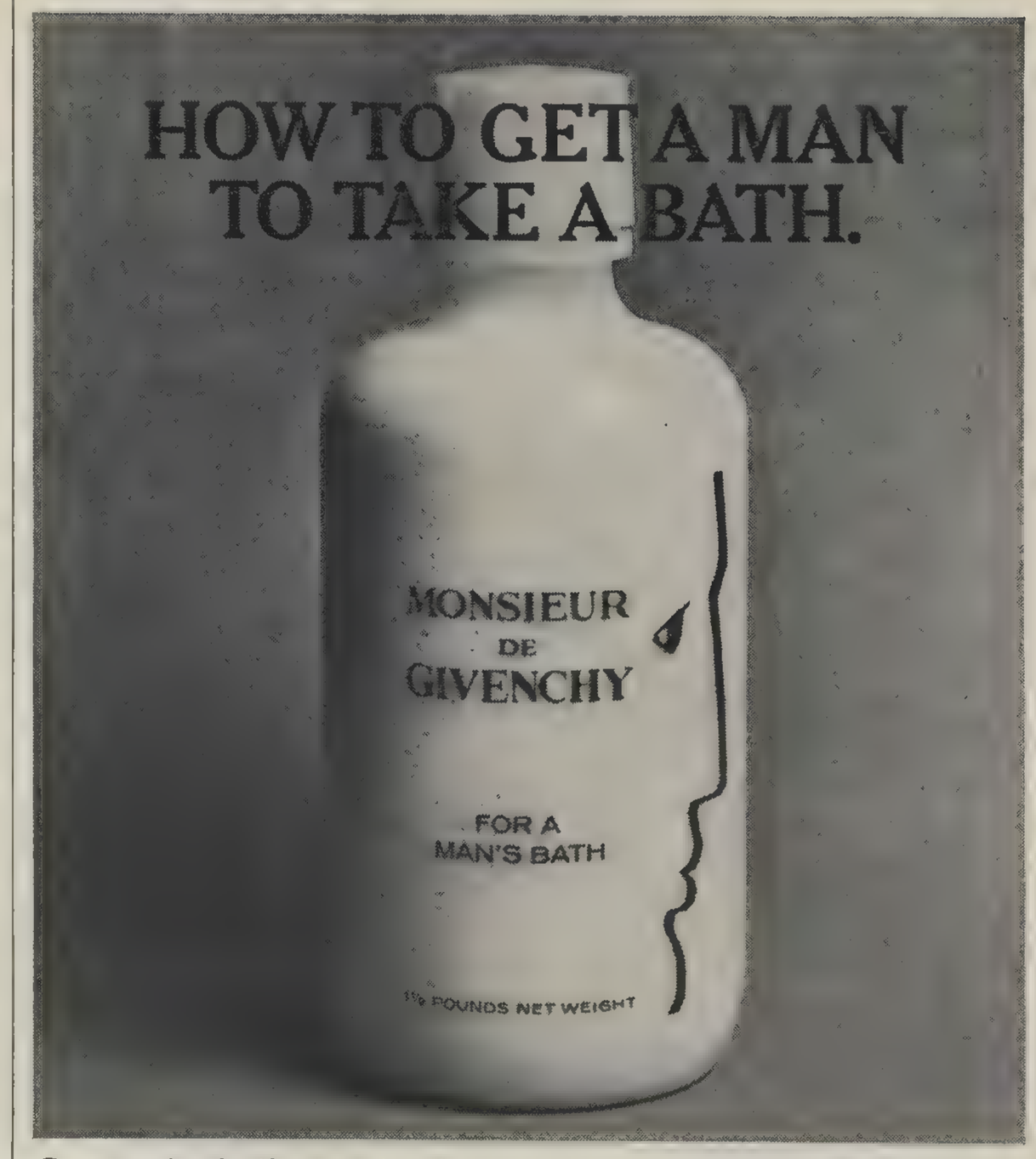
Nor must it be supposed that etiquette diminished in the alcove. Indeed, it reached its apogee in the bedroom. If some fortunate odalisque, or slave of the court (from *oda*, room, and having in itself no erotic connotation as imposed by the West), succeeded in catching the Sultan's eye—for many of them languished their whole lives away without ever even seeing him—she was immediately nominated *gözdeh*, or "in the eye," set apart, painted with that stylized exuberance of the East, perfumed, adorned, and perfected in the finer shades of pleasing.

When at last she approached the Royal bed she must do so with symbolic humility, from the foot, first kissing the silken covers, and then, lifting them, crawl slowly upwards towards the ineffable honour awaiting her. Such were some of the rituals of pleasure.

But if she failed to please? What then? At best, an ignominious return to the ranks awaited her, where she might throw herself into one of the many less exacting careers open to her, the still-room, bookkeeping, reader of the Koran, coffeemaker, or keeper of the wardrobes, for no inmate of the harem was ever allowed to appear before the Sultan twice in the same *toilette*. Succeeding here she might yet achieve an honoured position. Still, not on the same terms. . . . At worst, had she incurred the Sultan's wrath or heard his dreaded, ritualistic phrase *Let her vanish from my sight!* she would probably end in a weighted sack.

On occasions there were positive holocausts off Seraglio Point, although the women were not always to blame. Sultan Ibrahim, in a fit of spleen, drowned his entire harem, three hundred strong, in order to have the refreshing experience of forming a new one, overnight. That was the seventeenth century; by the 1850's there were few such drownings, though decapitations were still sometimes practised, and condoned, in the grand harems.

(Continued on page 271)



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Youngest Romantics

(Continued from page 251)

were shortly to be painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, we are really looking at the same thing.

It could have been otherwise. When I was very small, the world was still coloured pink in the atlas, and seemed likely to remain so. But by the time I went to school, there was very much less to be romantic about. At one moment in the middle 1920's there was even talk of a revolution, and possibly the chief reason why there was not one was that nobody remembered the technique of carrying it out.

But it is one of the peculiarities of the British that they react to disagreeable circumstances in unexpected ways. Ever since the days of Stanley Baldwin, circumstances have been disagreeable, if not worse. So the general reaction has been, not to reach for a revolver as more volatile countries do, not to search for a leader, but to turn away from the world towards an inner kingdom of fancy.

This is an attitude not bounded by class. Indeed, to the actively social-minded, it can be exceedingly irritating. It is more than thirty years since Lord Kinross, in an amusing book called *Society Racket,* heralded a new dawn. The old order had been swept away, he said: Progress was in the air. The world of which Thackeray had written, "It is impossible in our condition of society not to be sometimes a snob," had vanished with the Depression. Or so Lord Kinross thought.

But today this is evidently not so. Although it is true that all social lines tend to converge at the middle, those at the top who were born at the top have shown remarkable tenacity in staying there. This is not because the British are snobbish—although they are—but because they have a romantic interest in keeping a fairy-tale world alive.

The consequence is that, if London tends to become more and more like any cosmopolitan city, the country clings fiercely to the past. Go beyond the lodge gates of any great country house and you are likely to find a hierarchy almost unchanged since Victorian days. Trollope's Duke of Omnium has lost his political power, but his position in the county is, if anything, stronger than it used to be. And even if the reigning duke takes a fancy for making fun of his coronet, the spirit in which he does so is highly romantic.

When the present Duke of Bedford was planning to open his house to the public and turn the park into a kind of fairground, it was pointed out to him that better administration of his estates would make these steps unnecessary. He could be much richer than his immediate forebears. The duke's reaction was sharp. What he wanted was not riches but fun. If Lord Bath fills his paddocks with lions and sells postcards on his own doorstep, it is not because he is desperate for cash but because he is getting a romantic lift of the spirit exactly in line with that of the van-boy ringletted like King Charles II.

This romanticism starts very early in life. It is noticeable that young mothers, faced with the necessary choice between a maid and a nanny, are going to choose the nanny. This is because the realities of bringing up children seldom suit the British temperament. It makes the poor bad-tempered and the rich neglectful. With Nanny—probably in the event an Irish girl hardly older than the children—in charge, a buffer state is created in which children can develop in a romantic glow. They always look their best when Mummy takes them on. When they are sick, Mummy may go in and sing to them, but it is Nanny who will sit up at night.

Likewise, when they go to school, their parents are assumed traditionally to exhaust every effort to enter them for the best, not because the education is better, or the contacts socially more desirable, but because the aura of adolescent romance also includes such schools as Eton and Winchester.

That the aura has little to do with snobbery is shown, I think, by the fact that those who have most to gain by keeping in touch with the schools to which they went themselves now tend to send their children elsewhere. One of the most successful young Conservative politicians told me that his colleagues were fighting shy of the great public schools and sending their sons to be educated by the state, in the romantic belief that they would thus be better equipped for the world of the future.

The lack of logic in this is plain, and only explicable by the romanticism of the British temperament. Those who are still on the ladder of success find the ancient schools romantic. Those at the top find it more romantic still to try something else.

Once in grown-up life, the young British citizen is going to find reality a hard master. His world is contracting all the time. One day Malaysia goes out of it, the next Rhodesia. Money may be plentiful, but costs rise. He will feel, when he watches his country in action throughout the world, that Lord Palmerston lived a very long time ago.

This is where romanticism steps in. If Britain is not great in any obvious sense, the young say to themselves, she shall be great in a new style. Let the old worry and fret; their children are building a civilization for the young.

Until very lately this would have been unthinkable. Like China, Great Britain has always had a deep respect for the venerable, and the young have been kept down except when British armies and navies needed them. Now a new spirit has taken over.

It does not always work well as yet. In countries where people of all ages try frantically not to be their age, the young can establish a cool dominance over their elders. In England, they have to start from scratch.

In all the facts of daily life —clothes, gossip, drink, sex, manners, ambition—the young exaggerate. That is because they have never felt so important before. In the 1920's the Bright Young People, now mostly judicious elders of iron respectability, tasted a little of the same power. But they were a tiny group of "in" people at a time when most of the population was unaware of their existence. Nowadays, anybody can be "in," granted the talent and the will.

(Continued on page 273)

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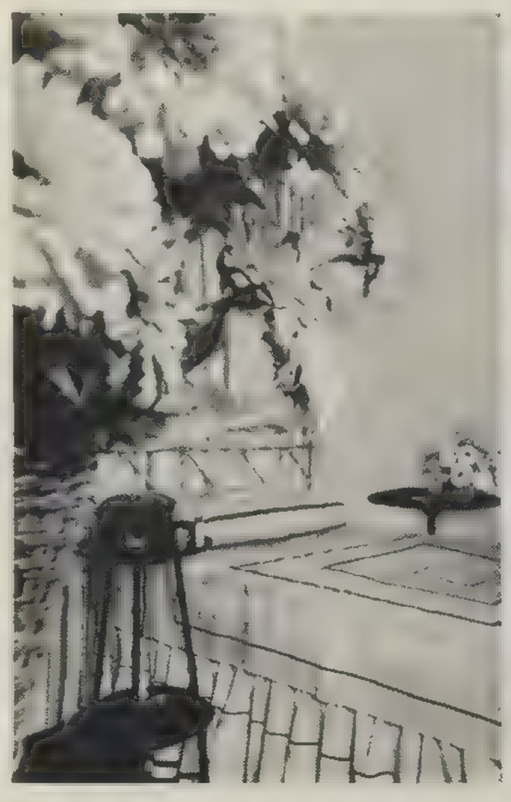
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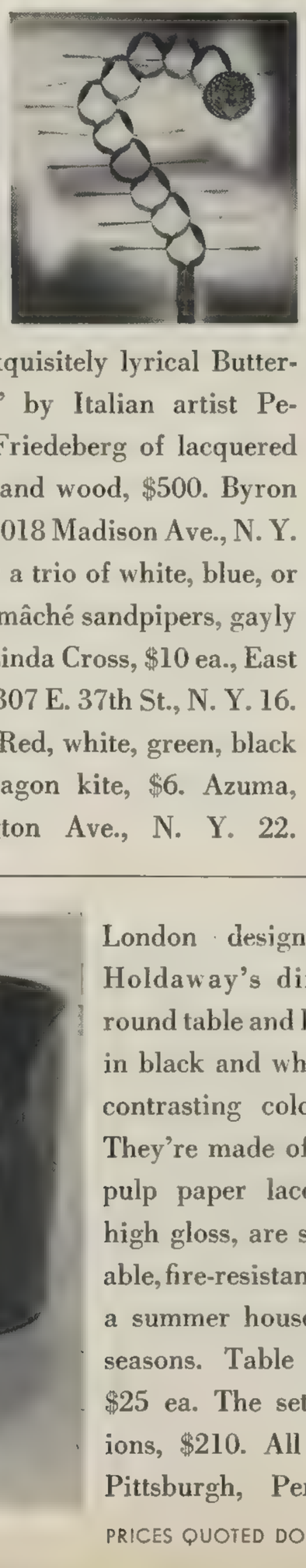
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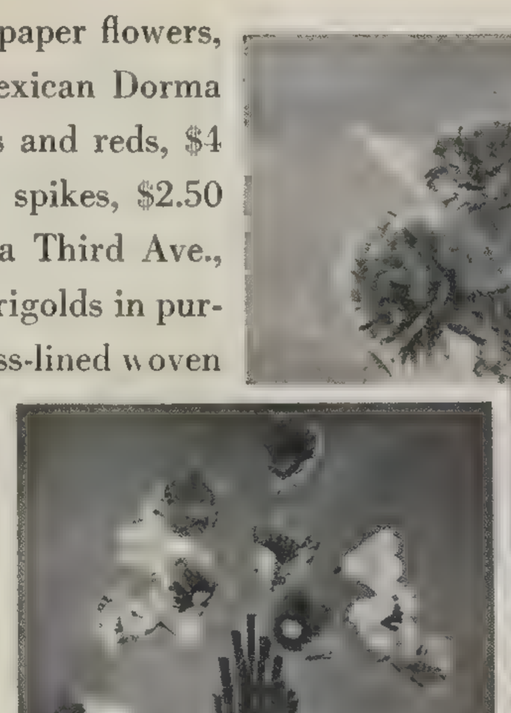




Left: "The exquisitely lyrical Butterfly-Chair" by Italian artist Pedro Friedeberg of lacquered paper and wood, $500. Byron Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21. *Above:* a trio of white, blue, or pink papier-mâché sandpipers, gayly flowered, by Linda Cross, $10 ea., East Side Gallery, 307 E. 37th St., N. Y. 16. *Above right:* Red, white, green, black Japanese dragon kite, $6. Azuma, 790 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 22.

DAVID MASSEY

The wonderful world of paper flowers, *far right.* Huge ruffly Mexican Dorma Doras poppies in purples and reds, $4 ea., with creamy Piñitos spikes, $2.50 ea., from Chequer, 1071a Third Ave., N. Y. 21. 50 Mexican marigolds in purple or yellow, $5, in a glass-lined woven birch vase, $10. One black, one white shiny papier-mâché poppy, 3 for $5, crystal vase, $12. All Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22. 4-ft. carnation in a real basket, $12.50, Bouquets à la Carte, 29 E. 73rd St., N. Y. 21. *Near right:* Tulips cut from newspapers by a Japanese artist. The centres are blown eggs, black-fringed, $1.20 ea. Design Research, 53 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22.



London designer Bernard Holdaway's dining-in-the-round table and barrel chairs, in black and white or bright contrasting colours. News? They're made of compressed pulp paper lacquered to a high gloss, are sturdy, washable, fire-resistant, could cheer a summer house for several seasons. Table $60, chairs $25 ea. The set, with cushions, $210. All at Gimbels, Pittsburgh, Penna. 15222.

"Mr. Stowman" is what young designer John Tapert calls his rigid craft-board storage system. Six 10″ modules, with three shelves and two support struts, are shipped in one 9-lb. package, cover an area 43″ high x 30″ wide. $5.25. Add units to make a wall or room divider. Oyster or bright colours. From The Design Workshop, 2990 West Grand Blvd., Detroit, Michigan 48202.



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Murfreesboro ..... Sullivan's
Nashville .... Harvey's Company—Downtown
WISCONSIN
Cudahy ..... Segalls
Viroqua ..... Jack and Jill Shop

Alla Turca

(Continued from page 267)

An English governess, Miss Emmeline Lott, found it most difficult to explain to her little charges why on their walks they frequently saw a severed woman's head in a basket, bobbing about in the Bosphorus; although it could of course have been an alternative to botany for explaining the facts of life.

But to return to our particular odalisque, whose fortunes we have followed to the Grand Turk's couch. If she found favour with her master, and was perhaps invited to return, she became an *ikbal,* one who had received the Royal caresses, and so was privileged accordingly. And were she to become pregnant, and the Sultan not command the Court Abortionist to intervene, and the child, a boy, were not strangled at birth (a fate so often reserved for female infants), as his mother she might attain the rank of *Hasseki Kadin,* established concubine, with her own *daïra,* or court, allowances, jewels, and slaves.

And were this son to survive the hazards of life in the Seraglio —a jungle of envenomed rivalry beneath the formalities; were he to elude the attention of the Imperial Poisoner, whose activities were sometimes thwarted by the Court Toxicologist (counterpoint even here); he might eventually become Sultan!

All Sultans were the sons of slaves, and thus, by express design, of mixed blood, the slaves being recruited, like most of the Imperial household, pages, eunuchs, and such, from afar. Among the women, Circassian beauties were the most highly prized.

Thus, by the way of motherhood, the humble odalisque might reach the pinnacle of glory, for as the Sultan's mother, Sultan Valideh, Crown of the Veiled Heads, she wielded limitless power, ranking second only to the Sultan himself, and set above his wives, for while these could be several, there could only be one mother.

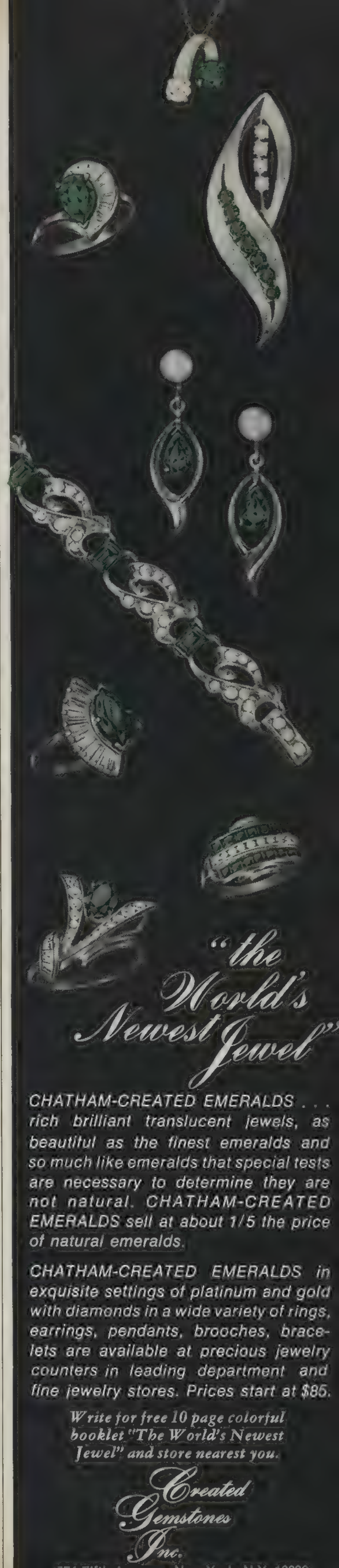
In dwelling on the more exotic, or bizarre aspects of the Seraglio (where one Sultan required, at his zenith, twenty-four concubines in the twenty-four hours, although ultimately suffering from nerves, and drinking amber dissolved in coffee as a palliative) there were yet a few Sultans who emerged from the alternately enervating and terrifying seclusion of the Kefess, or Cage, where they lived, set apart, to rule as cultivated, progressive monarchs such as Selim III and one of his successors, Mahmoud II the Reformer, whose mother was a Frenchwoman; it was he who at last broke forever the military oppression of the Janissaries, silencing their kettledrums and those furious martial airs of which we catch echoes in Mozart's *The Abduction from the Seraglio.*

But after Mahmoud's death in 1839 the Sultans degenerated, ruling briefly, or badly, being disposed or done away with, among their odalisques and indulgences, in the Frenchified newer palaces along the Bosphorus: Dolmabagché, Belerbey, or Yildiz, where the Red Sultan, Abdül Hamid II the Damned, barricaded himself in terror, fearing retribution, never sleeping two nights in the same bed, surrounded by mechanical devices that fired at anyone entering his room unannounced. He died, forgotten, in the graceful palace of Belerbey.

Half a century earlier the Empress Eugénie had stayed there on her way to the ceremonial opening of the Suez Canal. The Sultan Abdül Aziz had been swept off his feet by her auburn beauty, while she had been quite transported by the extravagance of these Oriental shores. There were said to be têtes-à-têtes in the *faux Gothique* waterside kiosks, where, legend has it, the Sultan presented her with a single, perfect rose. In its heart, a dewdrop—a single, flawless diamond.

Then, counterpoint again, we see his predecessor, Abdül Medjid, in grimmer circumstances, striving to aid Florence Nightingale's ghastly task organizing the military hospital at Scutari

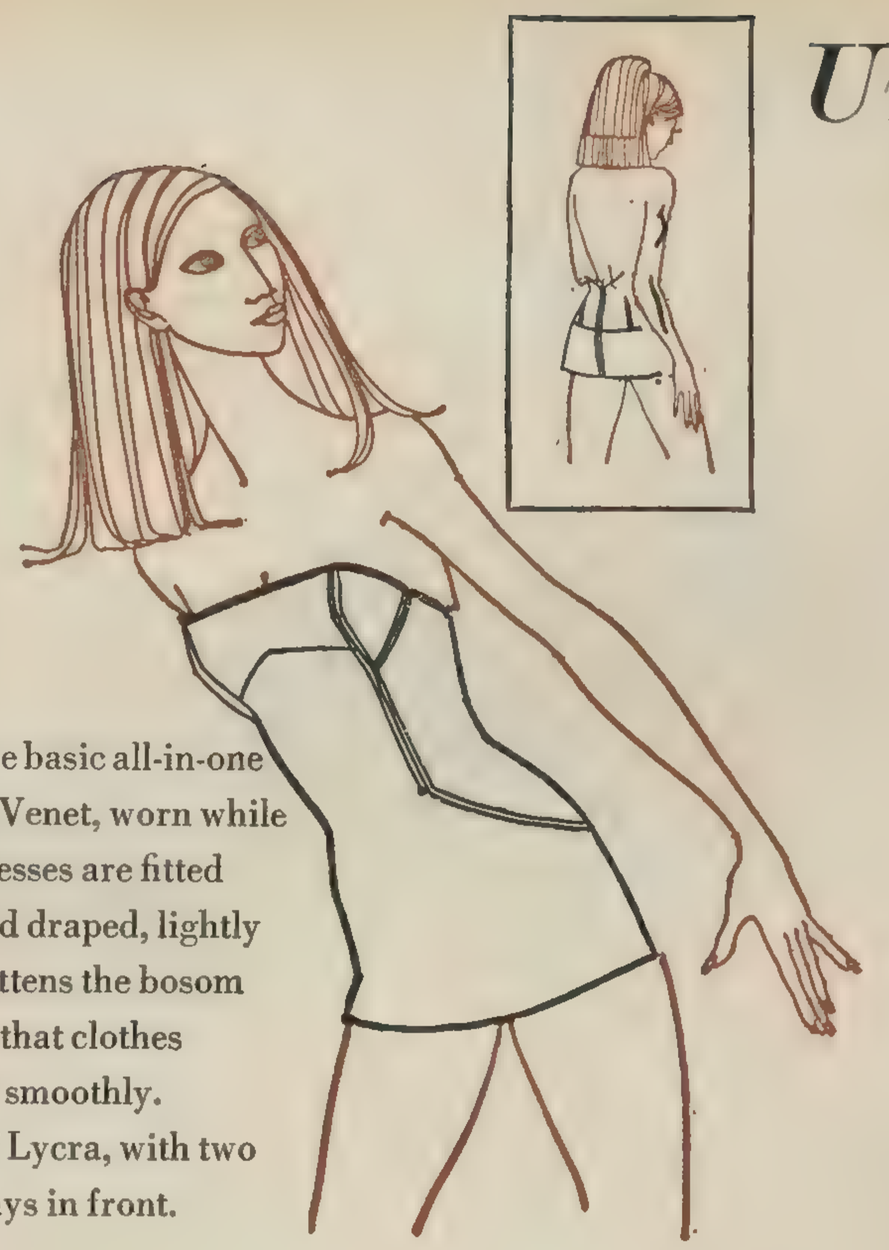
(Continued on page 273)



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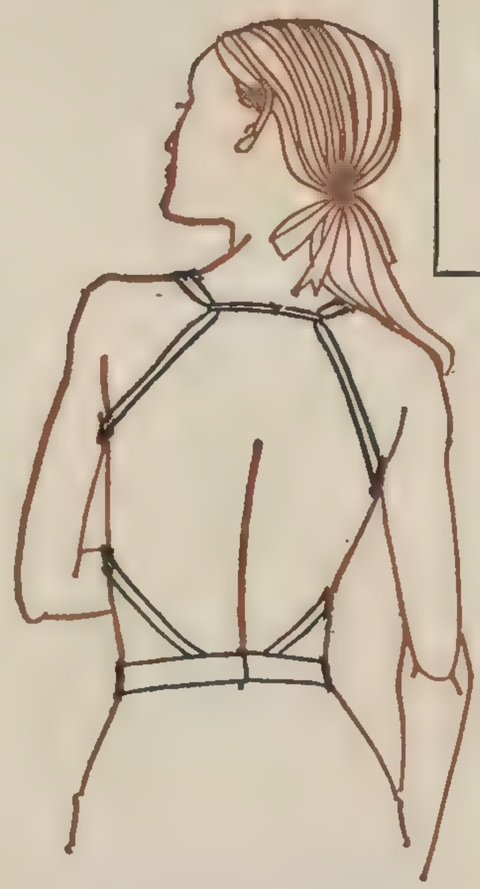
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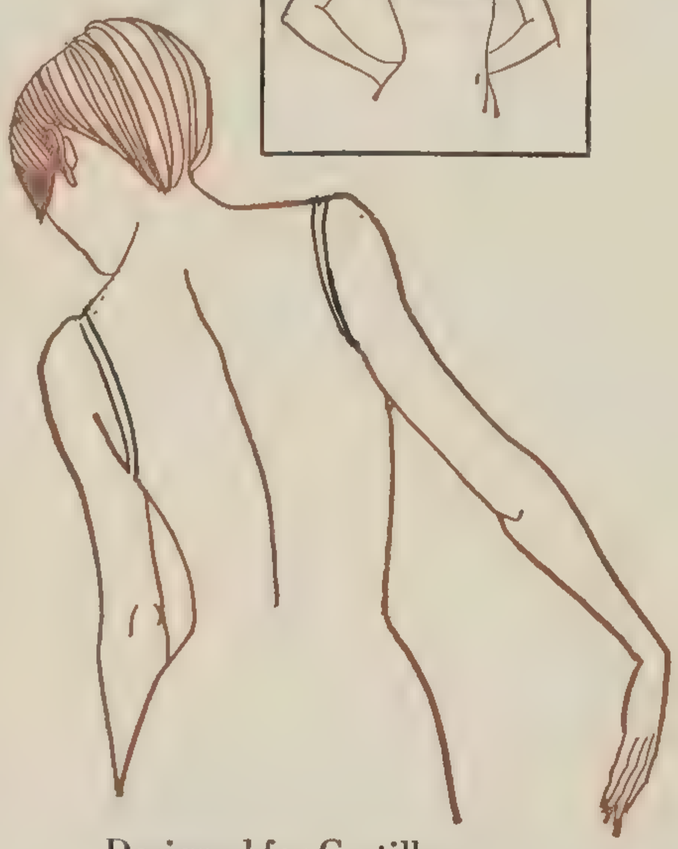
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Under many of his evening dresses, Castillo likes this long-line brassière that really holds the figure. Of heavy tulle with stays; underwired ¾ cups.

DRAWINGS BY
ELAINE BRANDT

Alla Turca

(Continued from page 271)

(or Üsküdar, to the Turks) on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, first posting station of the road to Mecca and the East beyond.

Here the graves of those Crimean soldiers she could not save lie close to the vast and celebrated Moslem cemeteries which cover whole hillsides with their dark cypress groves. *Mighty death-field. Panorama,* says the guidebook, briefly, and indeed, it is regarded as a three-star tourist expedition, to contemplate the whole marvellous skyline of St. Sophia and the mosques from across the water, while Turkish folk find nothing morbid in whole days spent in family gatherings, picnic outings, around a grave.

The quiet, tangled paths are shaded by giant cypresses and the old stelae are richly carved, the rank and sex of the departed being indicated by the variously sculptured turbans or fez, while garlands of flowers were reserved for women. On some graves, a little hollow is scooped out for the dew, that the birds may sip, and so, keep company with the dead. The favourite charger of one Sultan is buried here under a splendid marble canopy and believed to exercise curative powers on ailing children brought there.

Below these heights, by the bustle of the Üsküdar ferry there is another haunting monument, to a little prince who was stabbed to death by his father, the Sultan, shamed, because the crowd accused the child of arrogance towards them. The fatal dagger is walled up in the tomb, and its outline can still be traced, sad testimony that at least one Sultan desired to bring up his son properly. Testimony, too, that so many of this city's loveliest buildings are monuments to remorse, such as the Shehzade Mosque, built by Sinan, for Süleyman to commemorate his son and heir, Mustafa, whom he had caused to be strangled, since his consort, Roxelana, determined that her own son by Süleyman should succeed.

But let me end on a more cheerful picture: On a Friday, the Moslem day of rest, at the Sweet Waters of Europe, up the Golden Horn where in meadows and groves of trees, the crowds gathered, brought there in the slowly moving gaily painted *arabas,* fringed and canopied and drawn by oxen.

Here the merchant families and less exclusive harems congregated, laughing at the audacities of Karagöz puppet shows, watching archery contests and, perhaps, those traditional wrestling bouts which are found all over Central Asia. I have seen them in Iran and Uzbekistan, and they are still to be seen on the outskirts of Istanbul. The contestants wear stiff leather knee breeches, oil themselves till they glisten like metal statues, and open their combat with a strange ritual capering, *alchik-balchik* to the Mongols, from whom this sport is said to have been acquired.

Part of Istanbul may be in Europe, but anywhere in Turkey one is in Asia, among Asiatics. This, perhaps, is the secret of its vitality and particular fascination not only for today's blasé travellers, but that legion of Europeans who, over the centuries, have left such lyrical accounts of life there along the Bosphorus, which is not only a legend, but a whole way of life.

Youngest Romantics

(Continued from page 268)

And so we get the Beatle haircuts, the velvet jackets, the jewelled lapels. People remember vaguely that the Elizabethan age was one of colour, of high extravagance. It was also an age of conquest, of romance. Why should that romance not be recaptured? They remember Shakespeare's Earl of Southampton, the fop who helped colonize Virginia and died raising a troop to fight on Dutch soil. They remember Raleigh and Sidney, Lady Hester Stanhope, Florence Nightingale, Rupert Brooke, T. E. Lawrence—all the unlikely heroes and heroines who have turned British romanticism to active account. Who can say that their destiny may not be to continue a great tradition?



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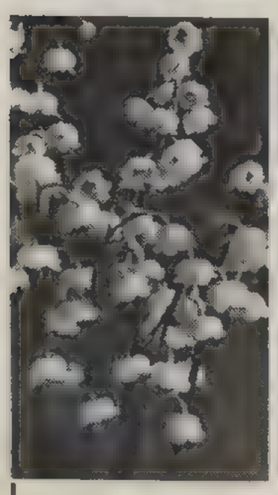


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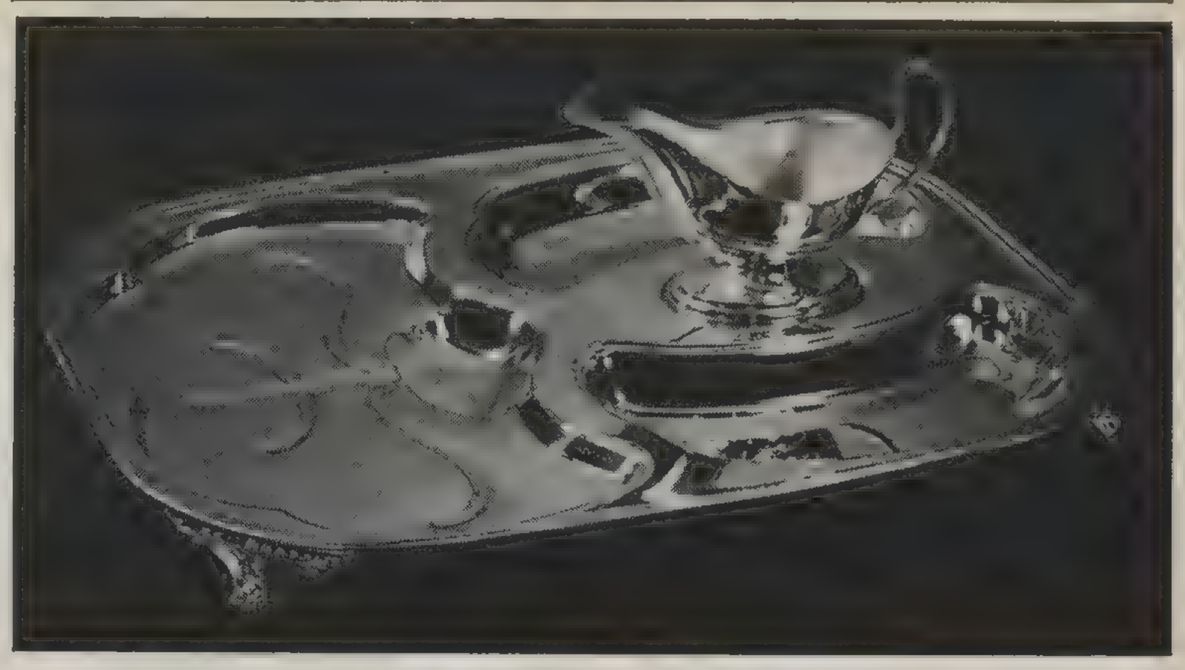


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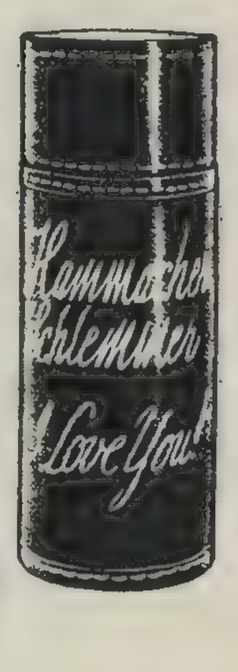


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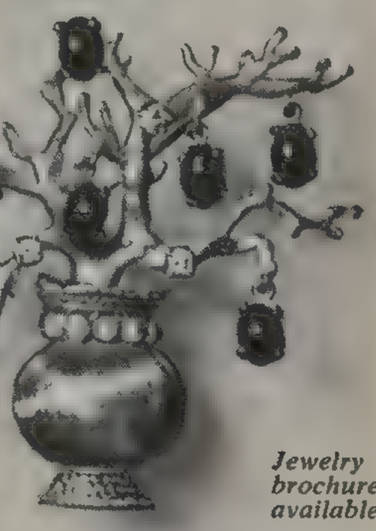
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African Art

(Continued from page 238)

Europe; he does not hesitate to represent that great pride of the West, the machine; he will go so far as to dress this or that ancestral spirit in European style.

In the new African society, the storyteller will give money its rightful, primary place as the incarnation of Evil. But because the Black African artisan-poet is committed, unlike the European he is not worried about producing for all eternity. A work of art is perishable. The moment an earlier work passes from fashion or is destroyed, it is promptly replaced, and although spirit and style are preserved, it is updated. This is one way of saying that in Black Africa "art for art's sake" does not exist. All art is social.

However, Black African art and literature are not merely utilitarian, and one would mistake their essence by supposing that the Black African lacks a sense of beauty. Quite the contrary. The truth is, the Black African assimilates beauty with goodness and especially with efficacity. The Wolof of Senegal is a case in point. The words *târ* and *rafet*, "beauty" and "beautiful," are applied preferably to human beings. For art works, the Wolof will use epithets such as *dyêka*, *yèm*, *mat*, which I would translate as "that is suitable," "that is proportioned," "that is perfect."

The beautiful mask, the beautiful poem, is the mask or poem that produces the desired emotion in the public—sorrow, joy, hilarity, terror. Significant in this regard is the word *baxai* (pronounced baa-kaa-ee), or "goodness," by which young dandies designate a pretty girl. Which is to say that for them beauty is "the promise of happiness." On the other hand, a good deed is often termed "beautiful."

The poem produces the right effect when it finds an echo in the mind and sensibility of its listeners. This is why the Peuls define a poem as "words pleasing to the heart and ear." But if both the Black African and the European concur that "the great rule is to please," the two do not find pleasure in the same things. In Black Africa, art is explication and knowledge of the world; that is, sensitive participation in the reality that subtends the universe—participation in surreality or, more exactly, in the life forces that animate the universe.

The European takes pleasure in recognizing the world through reproduction of the object—which he refers to as the subject. The Black African takes pleasure in knowing the world through image and rhythm. With the European, the thread of the senses leads to the heart and head; with the Black African, it leads to the heart and guts, to the very root of life. Bélier's mask pleases Baoulé spectators because it incarnates the Spirit Sun in a plastic, rhythmic language.

Image and rhythm—these are the two fundamental characteristics of Black African art.

First, image. We must, however, clarify the nature and function of language to grasp the import of the Black African image. For us, the Word is the chief instrument of thought, feeling, and action. Speaking of a painting of white and red geometric forms that represented a concert of birds sitting on a tree at sunrise, the artist explained, "They're some wings, some songs; they are birds."

The most notable characteristic of Black African languages is richness of vocabulary. There are ten, sometimes twenty, words to denote an action depending on whether it is single or multiple, weak or intense, beginning or ending. Words are always pregnant with images; behind the sign value, the sense value always shows through.

Accordingly, the Black African image is a surrealist image. The object does not mean what it represents but what it suggests, what it creates. The Elephant is Force; the Spider, Prudence; horns are the Moon, and the Moon is fertility. Not only is the image-figuration a symbol but so is the material—the stone, earth, copper, gold,

fibre—and so, even more, are line and colour. All language that does not fabulize bores the Black African.

African surrealism differs from European surrealism. The latter is empirical, the former mystical, metaphysical. The Negro analogy presupposes and makes manifest the hierarchized universe of life forces.

Potency of the image; potency of the Word. For example, in Dahomey, the Kings of the Fon tribe at every cardinal event of their reign used to devise rhythmic maxims, the chief words of which served as their new names. "The Pineapple laughs at the drought." Whereupon the word and the Pineapple would be despotically inscribed in wood, clay, gold, bronze, ivory, on the throne, the headdresses, the royal sceptre, the palace walls—everywhere—and made into image.

Take music, which is a tissue of images: In Black Africa, the primary rôle of music is not to be a concert, an enchantment for the ears, but to accompany a poem, or that dynamic sculpture which is the dance. Or take narrative—myth, legend, tale, fable, and even the proverb and riddle. The Black African narrative assumes the forms of the parabola, of the image in motion through time and space. Animal is rarely a totem: He is such and such a person, whom everyone in the village knows well—the tyrannical and stupid, or the wise and good King; the Young Man, redresser of wrongs; Kumba-the-little-Orphan.

The facts are images and they have instructive value. Hence the pace of the story, its progression by leaps and bounds, its material improbabilities, and the absence of psychological explanations.

What is rhythm? Rhythm is the vibratory shock, the force that, through the senses, seizes us at the very root of being. It is expressed by the most material, the most sensual means—lines, surfaces, colours; volume in architecture, sculpture, and painting; stress in poetry and music; movement in the dance. But it directs all this concreteness toward the light of the Spirit. If the Black African becomes incarnate in sensuality, to the same degree rhythm illustrates the Spirit for him. In the African dance, bodily contact is repugnant. But watch the dancers. The lower body is agitated by the most sensual tremors, but the head shares in the serene beauty of masks, of the Dead.

This, then, is the Black African for whom the world *is* by virtue of reflexive action. He does not state that he thinks; he senses that he senses, he senses his existence, he senses himself. Because he senses himself, he senses the Other, and because he senses the Other, he moves in the rhythm of the Other, toward the Other, to be reborn in him and in the world. Thus, the act of rebirth is a harmonious accord with the world, a simultaneous awareness and creation of the world in its indivisible unity. This élan of life force is what the religious and social life of the Black African expresses, for which literature and art are the most efficacious instruments. And the poet cries: "Aheeah! perfect circle of the world and concord therein."

TRANSLATED BY
ADRIENNE FOULKE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An architect of African independence and Africa's greatest French-language poet, Léopold Sédar Senghor is in his second term as President of the Republic of Senegal. As a poet, his work has been translated into seven languages, including Russian and Chinese. Here, Atheneum published his book of brilliantly cadenced poetry,* Selected Poems; *Praeger, his book* On African Socialism. *This excerpt is from the chapter, "L'Esthétique Négro-Africaine," in President Senghor's latest book,* Liberté I, Négritude et Humanisme, *published by Éditions Du Seuil in France.*

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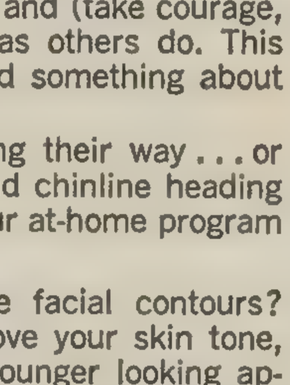
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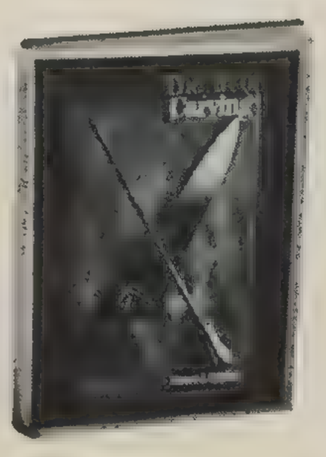
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Nabokov

(Continued from page 228)

of the intimacy in art between silliness and prudery. The high-flying Philistinism of protected art tastes strikes him often as richly foolish. Long ago the Empress of Russia gave him pleasure by being an eager admirer of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. *Invitation to a Beheading*, one of his early Russian-language novels, has a sulphurous passage about an imaginary book considered to be "the acme of modern thought" in which world history is seen from the point of view of an elderly and apparently sagacious oak tree. Nabokov detests literature that has sweeping social pretensions. He also loathes prurience. The bad art of the past that has lost its power to bamboozle will often reveal that a large share of its badness consists in failing to go too far, which is the only course that is ever far enough in aesthetics. The streak of blue nerve in Nabokov's work is part of its quality. It has an effect that is close to the exhilaration of flair and courage in real conduct.

In the actual world, the vice for which Nabokov seems to have most loathing is brutality. He finds it in tank-shaped political bullies, "swine-toned radio music," the enjoyment of trained animals, the truisms of Freudianism, the abhorrence of Germany between the wars. (There is a German in one of his books who believes that "electrocution" is the root of "cute.") In the world of art his equivalent loathing is for mediocrity, which is perhaps only the aesthetic form of the same brutality. There are celebrated writers in whom he detects a naïveté that he obviously finds almost thuggish. He detests Zola, Stendhal, Balzac, Thomas Mann.

Nabokov spoke eagerly about the descriptions of the fish in Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* and about the jungle passages and close physical descriptions in Graham Greene's *A Burnt-Out Case*. "The avant-garde French novels that I've read don't stir my artistic appetite. Only here and there. Even Shaw can do that." I asked him about Genet: "An interesting fairyland with good measurements." Ostrovsky, the Russian playwright, he described as having "a streak of poetry that he unfortunately put down because he was so intent on writing about the merchant class." Tin-eared translators torment him. "*Vive le pédant,*" he writes defiantly in one of his prefaces, "and down with the simpletons who think that all is well if the spirit is rendered (while the words go away by themselves on a naïve and vulgar spree—in the suburbs of Moscow for instance—and Shakespeare is again reduced to play the king's ghost)."

The English translations of his Russian novels have been done by Nabokov himself, generally with his son, Dmitri, who is a racing driver and a singer. Nabokov has just finished doing a Russian translation of *Lolita*, typeset in New York. "To be smuggled in, dropped by parachute, floating down on the blurb." His attachment to words is urgent and moving. A copy of the unabridged Webster's dictionary is carried about in the back of Nabokov's Lancia; in his hotel room on holiday it was open among the M's, halfway through, which is the way he leaves it so as to save the spine. In his autobiography he speaks of turning even now to the last page of any new grammar to find "that promised land where, at last, words are meant to mean what they mean."

"In Massachusetts once I was ill with food poisoning," he said. "I was being wheeled along a corridor. They left the trolley by a bookcase and I drew out a big medical dictionary and in the ward I drew the curtains around myself and read. It wasn't allowed because it looked as if I were dying. They took the book away. In hospitals there is still something of the eighteenth-century madhouse."

* * *

"Pasternak?" I asked. At once he talked very fast. "*Doctor Zhivago* is false, melodramatic, badly written. It is false to history and false to art. The people are dummies. That awful girl is absurd. It reminds me very much of novels written by Russians of, I am ashamed to say, the gentler sex. Pasternak is not a bad poet. But in *Zhivago* he is vulgar. Simple. If you take his beautiful metaphors there is nothing behind them. Even in his poems: what is that line, Véra? 'To be a woman is a big step.' It is ridiculous." He laughed and looked stricken.

"This kind of thing recurs. Very typical of poems written in the Soviet era. A person of Zhivago's class and his set, he wouldn't stand in the snow and read about the Bolshevist régime and feel a tremendous glow. There was the *liberal* revolution at that time. Kerensky. If Kerensky had had more luck—but he was a liberal, you see, and he couldn't just clap the Bolsheviks into jail. It was not done. He was a very average man, I should say. The kind of person you might find in the Cabinet of any democratic country. He spoke very well, with his hand in his bosom like Napoleon because it had almost been broken by handshakes.

"Yet people like Edmund Wilson and Isaiah Berlin, they have to love *Zhivago* to prove that good writing can come out of Soviet Russia. They ignore that it is really a *bad book*. There are some absolutely ridiculous scenes. Scenes of eavesdropping, for instance. You know about eavesdropping. If it is not brought in as parody it is almost Philistine. It is the mark of the amateur in literature. And that marvellous scene where he had to get rid of the little girl to let the characters make love, and he sends her out skating. In *Siberia*. To keep warm they give her her mother's *scarf*. And then she sleeps deeply in a hut while there is all this going on. Obviously Pasternak just didn't know what to do with her. He's like Galsworthy. Galsworthy in

(Continued on page 280)

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AS SEEN ON PAGE 34



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Nabokov

(Continued from page 279)

one of his novels gave a character a cane and a dog and simply didn't know how to get rid of them.

"And the metaphors. Unattached comparisons. Suppose I were to say 'as passionately adored and insulted as a barometer in a mountain hotel,'" he said, looking out at the rain. "It would be a beautiful metaphor. But who is it about? The image is top-heavy. There is nothing to attach it to. And there is a pseudo-religious strain in the book which almost shocks me. *Zhivago* is so feminine that I sometimes wonder if it might have been partly written by Pasternak's mistress.

"As a translator of Shakespeare he is very poor. He is considered great only by people who don't know Russian. An example." His wife helped him to remember a line of a Pasternak translation. "What he has turned it into in Russian is this: 'all covered with grease and keeps wiping the pig-iron.' You see. It is ridiculous. What would be the original?"

"Greasy Joan doth keel the pot?"

"Yes. 'Keeps wiping the pig-iron!'" He expostulated and looked genuinely angry. "Pasternak himself has been very much *helped* by translation. Sometimes when you translate a cliché —you know, a cloud has a silver lining—it can sound like Milton because it is in another language."

"Isn't that what happened to Pushkin?" said Véra.

"He had translated the French writers of his day. The small coin of drawing-room poets and the slightly larger coin of Racine. In Russian it became breathtaking." I remarked that someone had once said to me that the first man who compared a woman to a flower was a genius and the second, a fool. "And the third, a knave," said Nabokov.

We went for a drive in the new Lancia through the mountains. Mrs. Nabokov drove, rather fast, mostly in third gear on a tricky road, in the face of jibes from her husband about the sheer drops that she had chosen on other days as suitable places to turn.

"Sometimes my son wishes I wouldn't joke so much," he said with melancholy.

I sat on the back seat, which was still insulated in cellophane, and took off my shoes to keep the cover intact. A hat for butterfly-hunting and walks was on the back shelf.

"You could cover your toes with my hat," said Mr. Nabokov.

He looked for good meadows for butterfly-hunting and memorized promising paths off the road. His feeling about nature is communicable even to people who don't share it. He is the only man I have ever heard who responds to mention of Los Angeles not with abuse of the city but with glory in the vegetation. He wrote once that when he hunted butterflies it was his highest experience of timelessness, a way "to picket nature" and "to rebel against the void fore and aft." I think it is also an expression of the great writer's passion to define.

* * *

We had lemon tea and cream cakes in another hotel looking out across the mountains. He was charming to a waitress who had seemed not to have heard the order and said peacefully after a long wait: "I can tell by the nape of her neck that the cakes are coming." He has a comic affection for girls' bodies that is rather like his tenderness for gaffes, as though the naked toes or napes of girls absorbed by other things fall unknowingly into a category of farcical and touching blunders.

I asked him whether Lolita would have turned into a boy if his own real child had been a girl.

"Oh, yes," he said at once. "If I had had a daughter Humbert Humbert would have been a pederast."

I thought perhaps that he might cherish a little hatred for *Lolita* now, as writers often do for books that have had more attention than anything else they have written, but his feelings seem not to have swerved. The book remains his favourite, though he says that *Pale Fire* was more difficult to write.

"I had written a short story with the same idea as *Lolita*. The man's name there is Arthur. They travel through France. I never published it. The little girl wasn't alive. She hardly spoke. Little by little I managed to give her some semblance of reality. I was on my way to the incinerator one day with half the manuscript to burn it, and Véra said wait a minute. And I came back meekly."

"I don't remember that. Did I?" said Mrs. Nabokov.

"What was most difficult was putting myself . . . I am a normal man, you see. I travelled in school buses to listen to the talk of schoolgirls. I went to school on the pretext of placing our daughter. We have no daughter. For Lolita, I took one arm of a little girl who used to come to see Dmitri, one kneecap of another."

He says in the preface that the book originated in a story in *Paris-Soir* of an ape that had been taught to draw: Its first drawing was of the bars of its cage. The brawl around *Lolita* and the fierce humour that stylizes all of his work often seems to obscure the extreme tenderness that impels it. His sensitivity to suffering and the exploited makes the attention paid to the plot facts of *Lolita* seem even more brutishly literal-minded than usual. When he was in Hollywood to do the script, the producers asked him to make Lolita and Humbert Humbert get married: Apparently this would have pulled some knot of embarrassment for them. The idea of the book being classified as obscene—as it still is in Burma, for instance—is much more gross than anything in most pornography, for it is a book that extends exceptional gentleness to the yearning and the out of step. Elsewhere, in his *Laughter in the Dark*, a murderer thinks

"impossible to kill while she was taking off her shoe"; it is a modern equivalent of the moment in *Hamlet* when a man can not be murdered at prayer. In Nabokov's work sexuality stands for tenderness, and tenderness is the remaining sanctity.

In the car again I asked him about something he had once written about the author of *Alice in Wonderland*.

"I always call him Lewis Carroll Carroll," he said, "because he was the first Humbert Humbert. Have you seen those photographs of him with little girls? He would make arrangements with aunts and mothers to take the children out. He was never caught, except by one girl who wrote about him when she was much older."

He started to answer something I was saying, and turned it into an imitation of Edmund Wilson saying, "Yes, yes." Nabokov and Edmund Wilson are old friends, but they have recently conducted a waspish public fight about Mr. Wilson's knowledge of Russian, involving claims that seem fairly foolish in the face of a Russian-speaker. Nabokov's private feelings seem affectionately caustic. The imitated "Yes" involved a head-movement like a man trying to get down a pill when he is gagging on it. "Apparently consent with him is so difficult he must make a convulsive effort," said Nabokov warmly enough, and came back to *Lolita*.

"It was a great pleasure to write, but it was also very painful. I had to read so many case histories. Most of it was written in a car to have complete quiet." He says in *Speak, Memory* that "in first-rate work of fiction the real clash is not between the characters but between the author and the world." This is the force of *Lolita*. The most unsparing love-novel of our literature of glib and easy sex is about an obsession that is locally criminal, written by an alien attacking the numbness of a culture from the inside of the machine that best represents its numbness.

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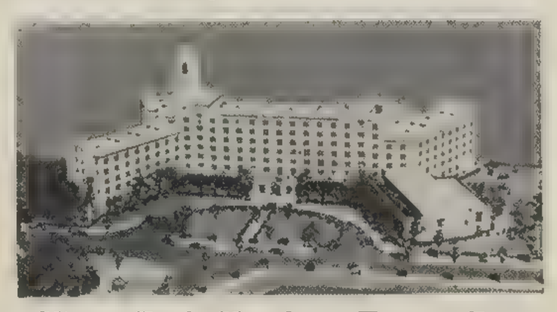
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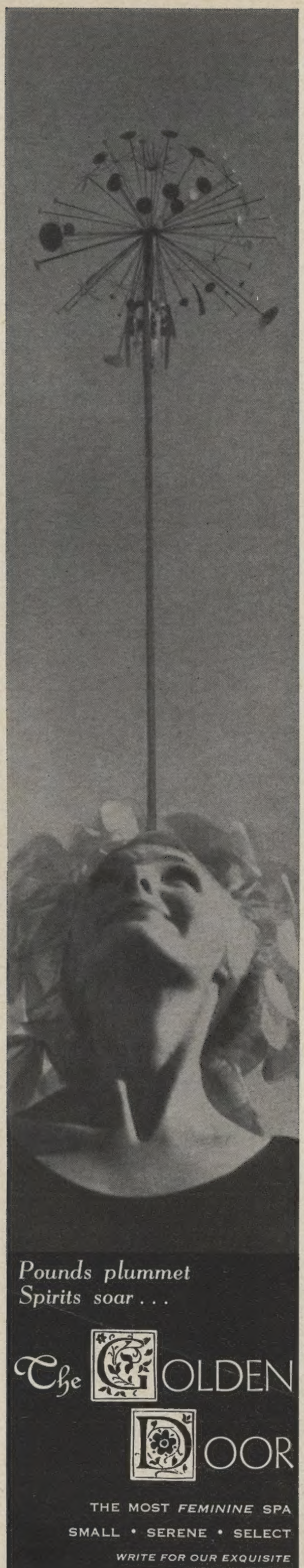
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